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Memorials

of

Henry Brace Norton.

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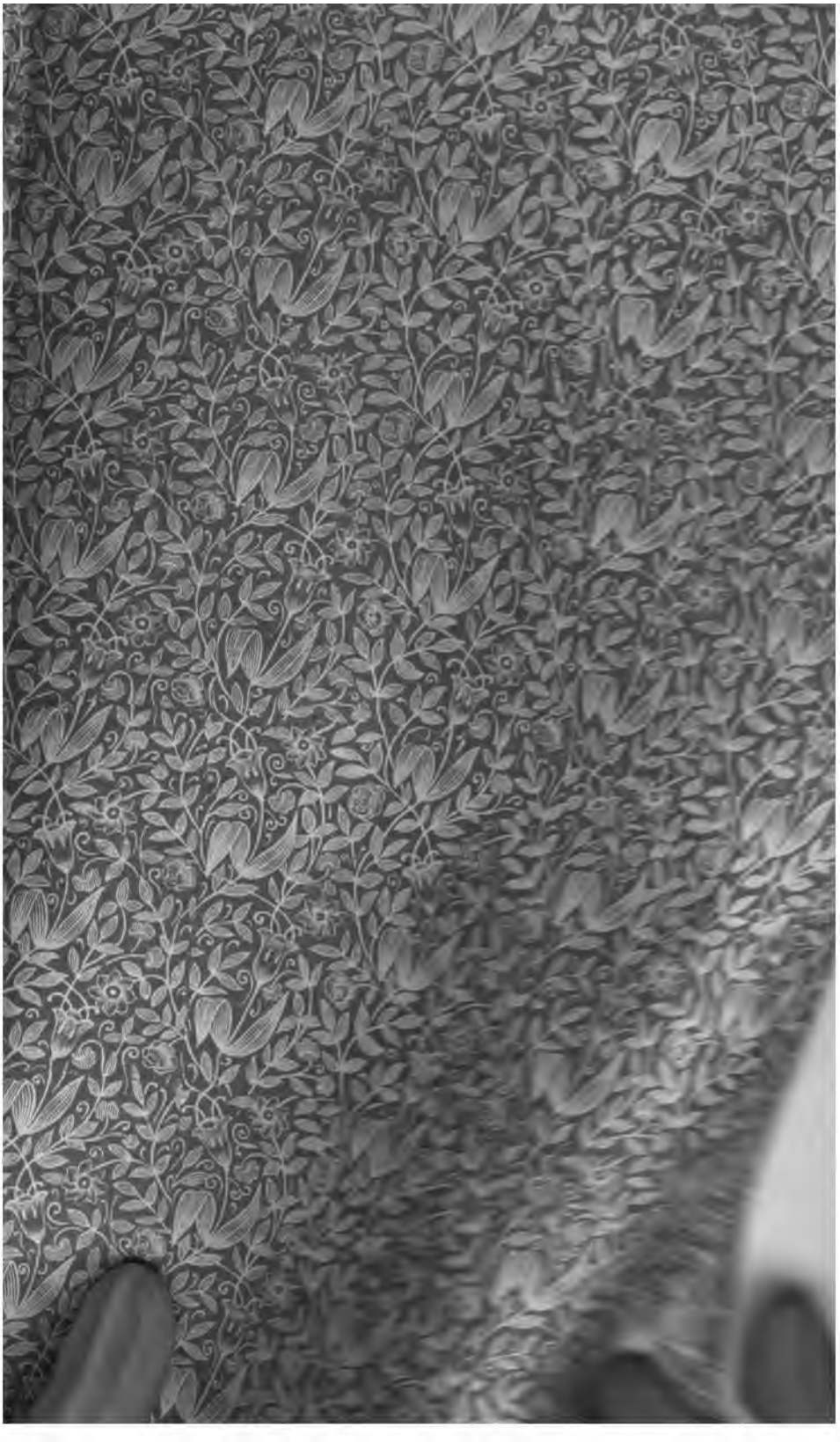

N884

Very cordially
H. B. Norton

Very cordially,
A. B. Hunter

MEMORIALS

— OF —

HENRY BRACE NORTON.

Born February 22, 1836.

Died June 22, 1885.

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DEDICATION.

If the pure spirits in the Bright Beyond are yet cognizant of, and interested in, the affairs of this earth (and we would fain believe that they are); and if there, as here, the kindly appreciation of loving hearts is grateful to them, then this humble offering will give a meed of joy to one who, while with us, ministered so constantly to our happiness.

State Normal School, December, 1885.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Biographical.

On the 22d of February, 1836, in the little village of Gaines, Orleans County, New York, a son was born to Gould G. and Mary Hyde Norton. The parents were both of New England Puritan ancestry, and the boy was the second son and fourth child in a family of five children. He was named for his grandfather, Henry Norton, who was a soldier of the Revolutionary War.

His father soon removed to Wyoming County, New York, where eight years of his early childhood were spent in village life, in a home adjacent to the High School, or Academy, of the place. The Principal of this school usually boarded in his father's family, and his older brother and sisters were members of the school, so that the child was allowed to go with them when much too young to share in the studies of the pupils; and though he had very little direct teaching, he began to read when he was four years of age. The young soul also began early to drink in other lessons from nature. His father's garden was bounded in part by a river, beyond which rose a bold and beautifully wooded hill. What lessons a rushing stream furnishes to the sensitive mind of a child! In what different voices and moods does it speak to him, as the seasons come and go! Many happy hours were spent beside it, or upon it in winter, with his sisters, with whom he shared so much of the joys and sorrows of his youthful life. Together under a noble elm, they watched the oriole build its hanging nest; together they read their lessons, in the branches of an aged, leaning ash, while the trout sported beneath them. Well would it have been for child and man, if a much larger portion of his time could have been spent in the open air and in that communion with nature which marked his later years. His scientific tastes were early developed, and undoubtedly stimulated, if not inspired, by his older brother, Orlo, who was an enthusiastic student of these subjects, both in youth and manhood. The village and school libraries afforded some good books, and those which were drawn for the elders of the family were eagerly pored over or devoured by the precocious child, who would often be found in the garret with Stevens' Travels or some other work equally beyond his years. His parents were appreciative of good poetry, and in that time, when children's books were few, this boy was reading, from the age of six to eight, the poems of Cowper, Whittier, "The Lady of the Lake", and Homer's Iliad, and trying to tell his youngest sister of the world of wonders which they opened to him.

But other and more powerful influences were also tending to develop his spiritual nature thus early. Happy indeed are those whose childhood is passed in a Christian home, however humble—a home where the atmosphère is love, and where duty, self-sacrifice, honor, and industry are the daily lessons. During these years, business often called the father to New York and other seaboard cities, for long absences, during which the entire care and guidance of the family fell upon the mother, who was a woman of much practical wisdom, and of a deeply religious nature. No influence that shaped the life and character of Henry was more potent and blessed than that of his rare mother, a type of Solomon's virtuous woman, who, while deeply devoted to her family, was also the comforter, counselor, and friend of many outside the home circle. Henry's parents were both deeply interested in every movement that tended to elevate humanity, and inspired in their children a warm sympathy with the weak, the suffering, and the oppressed, of whatever class, race or clime; and so it chanced that the boy was early trained in the principles of the Washingtonian temperance movement and the anti-slavery organizations. Out of this, grew the educating influence which comes from contact with men of philanthropic spirit, and the leaders of progressive ideas, who were frequent guests in his father's hospitable home. Thus the young soul early took upon itself the burdens and sorrows of humanity, and the child was full of questions concerning the presence of evil and the deep wrongs of the race.

Of these years of childhood, a cousin and playmate thus writes: "It always seemed, when we played together, that he was very different from others. In all childish sports he was honorable, kind, thoughtful of his associates, and at the same time acted as if in league with the birds, butterflies, and babbling brooks, communing with them and catching their spirit. To his parents, he (it seemed to my childish mind) was a most loving and dutiful son, and to the other members of his family, a kind and considerate brother. He showed that playfulness, joy, and mirth can be joined harmoniously with all honorable and noble traits, and to taste the keenest pleasures, it is unnecessary to choose those unworthy of a noble soul. He inspired me with awe, though there was perfect confidence, and I used to sit and watch him as I would watch a bright spot in the heavens at sunset. He was 'The heart of honor, the tongue of truth;' and years after, when I recalled the days we spent together, it seemed as if I had seen a vision. I never spoke of this to any one, but mourned in secret that I could not have a spirit like his. His ability to discern the right and proper course, to speak the kind word, to impress the thought without obtrusiveness or aggression was marked in the child. A wicked playmate, despising such traits, once assailed and treated him most cruelly. The patience and forgiveness he then showed foreshadowed the motives which actuated him in after life. He had too much of the spirit of the Master to escape all assaults of envy and worldly ambition, but he bore

his sufferings with divine patience. Not long before his death, in a memorable sermon upon the discipline of sorrow, he used these words: 'Years of suffering are years of growth.' To those who knew him intimately there is 'no second friend.' In his devotion to others' needs, thoughtfulness of their feelings and interest in their welfare, there was no loss of individuality, and his personality was never merged in that of others, or his independence in thought or investigation lost. From first to last his memory is a precious legacy, and we

> 'Feel it when we sorrow most,
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all.'"

The age of ten found him with an over-active brain, and too feeble in body to bear much physical exertion. Happily for him, his father, at this time, moved from the State of his birth to the then pioneer State of Wisconsin, and settled temporarily at Waukesha, about twenty-four miles west of Milwaukee. The journey by steamer around the Great Lakes was a new and healthful experience, and the beautiful scenery of the regions in which the new home was made had many charms for the poetic child. But an enemy lurked beside the lovely lakes and in the newly broken fields. Malarial fever prostrated the whole family, and it was decided to seek a more salubrious region for a permanent home. After two years' residence in Wisconsin they removed to Ogle County, Illinois, and settled near the beautiful Rock River, a few miles from the young city of Rockford, where the rolling prairies afforded greater security for health. It was upon the very verge of a new but rapidly growing settlement, that this home was built, where bounding deer and prairie wolves were no uncommon sights. The settlement (now the railroad town of Stillman Valley) was so called from its being located where a battle had been fought between the Indian Chief Black Hawk and General Stillman. The rural community chanced to be one of unusual thrift, intelligence, and public spirit. A growing library was formed, and the best literary and scientific periodicals found a place in the humble farm homes. The boy wrote to his sister about this time: "We have four hundred dollars this year to expend for the library, and a good committee appointed to select it. We shall have *such* good times reading this winter."

The spirit of the boy developing under such influences is shown in one of the earlier publications from his pen—a set of boyish verses upon a subject not boyish, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

> "Oh, break the yoke of bondage, hew off the despot's chain,
> Let the bondman rise in manhood's strength and liberty again,
> And the swelling note of triumph shall ring o'er land and sea,
> And the world shout back the answer that America is free.
>
> * * * * * * * * * *
>
> A vision now is passing before my trancéd eye,
> Of deep and solemn meaning, and of thrilling import high,

For toward the western setting sun to plain and mountain side,
Passeth a mighty army on, a living human tide.
From old New England's vales they come, from o'er the rolling sea,
To plant around those mighty hills the empire of the free;
And a swelling note of triumph rings afar o'er hill and plain,
As, rising in their inborn strength, they burst oppression's chain."

While the home upon the prairie was being established, a pioneer institution in the Northwest for young women, Rockford Seminary, was founded by Miss Anna P. Sill, so long its honored and well-known Principal. A thirst for higher education led Henry and his sister to Rockford; the former to enter a classical school for boys, and the latter the seminary, with which she was connected either as pupil or teacher for several years thereafter. The studious, precocious boy had attained an age peculiarly open to inspiration from other minds, and he received some noble and lasting influences from Rev. Henry M. Goodwin, Miss Sill, and from Dr. Lucius Clark, a trustee of the seminary. He soon became an inmate of the household of this beloved physician, whose genial humor, high ideals, and wise sympathy and counsel endeared him for life to the grateful and now aspiring student. In this happy home, where he earned his way by services lovingly rendered, grew up a beautiful friendship between Henry Norton and D. S. Clark, the son and now the successor of Dr. Lucius Clark, in professional life. This dear friend writes thus in regard to this period: "The years he spent in Rockford at school were marked by diligence, persistence, and enthusiasm. If he encountered an obstacle, it was merely an occasion for redoubled exertion, and there was no let up until it was vanquished; and so the conscious strength of the habitual victor came to be his. His memory was powerful and accurate, especially for poetry. Often have I heard him repeat page after page of Scott, which little more than a single reading would often enable him to do."

After about three years, during which there were alternations of study at Rockford and of teaching in the public school near his home, his parents decided to send him to Beloit College, Wisconsin, where his friend D. S. Clark had entered before him, and where their friendship was strengthened by their brief experience as college chums. His letters at this time speak with a boy's enthusiastic admiration of those honored men who have nobly impressed so many young lives—President Chapin, Professor Fisk, and Professor Emerson. In one of his letters to his sister Mary at this time, he gives a pleasant picture of the College boy's daily life and surroundings, as follows: "Would you like a daguerreotype of our room? It contains a lounge, table, four chairs, a mirror, and two tall standing studying desks. The two bedrooms open on the east side; the window gives a fine view of Rock river. L. P. Fitch, a sober, handsome, substantial young man, is seated opposite, reading the papers. D. S. Clark sits in an arm chair with his heels on the table, picking his teeth, cracking jokes, and studying Greek."

About this time, a Congregational church was organized in Stillman Valley; with this the young student united, and retained his connection with that denomination during his life.

In a memorial sketch written for his pupils, Miss Washburn has given this resume of his life as a student: "While his parents shared his own earnest desire that he should have a full college course, the expense could not be afforded. To the State Normal University at Bloomington, Illinois, his attention was directed as offering the best educational facilities within his reach. In 1858 he entered this institution, from which he graduated three years later with the highest honors of his class. Those were the struggling days of that now widely-known Normal School. It had been established only a year, in the general poverty of a pioneer State, and under the special discouragement of a national business depression. Mr. Norton himself wrote of it as follows: 'Two miles to the northward of the old temporary building where we met, across the sodden prairies, in the rainy autumn of 1858, were clay-pits, heaps of brick-bats, half completed foundations for a stately structure, yet in embryo. The construction fund was exhausted, the State heavily in debt, business everywhere distressed and languishing, Truly a sombre prospect. To obtain those much-needed funds was the 'labor of Hercules' which our Principal set before himself, and the school saw but little of him in those years. He had a place on the programme, but his classes generally wrought out their own salvation.'

"With all this, the school study was not yet fully organized. Everything was unsettled, but there were fine teachers and strong ideas of study. To such a school came our friend as a student in the fall of 1858. He took immediate rank as a scholar, which he maintained till he graduated first in his class. Besides his studies, he carried on an immense amount of general reading on the most diversified subjects. Few could have done so much reading without injuring their regular studies; but even the subjects he cared least for he would not neglect. This was true of mathematics, for which he often whimsically expressed a distaste, yet in which he led his class. It is recalled of him also by his classmates, that he was the most valuable member of their literary society. Humorous stories are told of the contrast between their first expectations of him from his appearance, and the pride they came to take in his powers. He became, indeed, so well known as a writer, that a literary career was the one generally expected of him. But no account of his student life has so much of its real spirit as these words of his own, written to his classmates three years ago, in their quarter-century reminiscences. You will recognize that Mr. Norton's ready sympathy with those among you who have to struggle for an education, was vivid from his own experience:

'We were badly dressed in those days. I think my pantaloons were generally too short, and my coats seemed to have been made for some other

person. We were very poor, but very plucky. We boarded ourselves, mainly on corn mush, washed the floors and built the fires at the Normal Hall, and worked hard, lived hard, and were poorly provided with all things; our parents were struggling pioneers of the prairies, but we were cheery, resolute, and happy in our life and work. To the toiling youth of frontier homes, thirsting for knowledge, the Illinois Normal University opened the gateway of a new life. We loved it, rejoiced in it, and were thoroughly loyal to its name and fame. No school rule rested upon us. Our hours and ways of working were wholly our own. Nevertheless, the record of those years is a thoroughly Spartan one. We were from Puritan households, disciplined in self-restraint. Industry and poverty were our safeguards. Stately buildings, methods well ordered, a wealthier and more cultured generation of students —these greet you now. It is not true that the former days were better than these, but we who saw the working out of the beginnings had also our joys, struggles and coronations; and we received a training which, if less orderly and exhaustive than that rendered now, nevertheless gave us some measure of fitness for our life-work.'"

During his life at the Normal School Mr. Norton was prostrated with malarial fever, and one of his instructors, Dr. Samuel Willard, took him to his own home, where he was most tenderly cared for by Mrs. Willard, whom many students of that period remember gratefully as a noble and generous friend. Dr. Willard was a man of high literary culture, rare spiritual insight, and of thorough classical scholarship, who had gathered a choice library. The ties of love and gratitude formed during this period of illness resulted in a lifelong friendship for Doctor and Mrs. Willard, and proved to be one of the most powerful inspirations of his future. This friendship was renewed when, one year ago, Prof. Norton visited his former instructor, now a leading educator in Chicago. In a recent letter in reference to the sudden departure of Prof. Norton, and his tendency to brain trouble, Dr. Willard says: "He seemed so well when I saw him in '84, at Madison, Wisconsin, that I thought the old imminence of death was wholly removed. From 1860 to 1864, it would not have surprised me at any moment. I *wondered* that he lived."

Another powerful influence was at work during the latter part of Mr. Norton's student life. The great struggle of the Civil War was thrilling the heart of the nation, and no State responded more grandly to the call of the country than did Illinois. The Principal of the Normal School, Prof. Charles Hovey, became Colonel of the Thirty-third Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, which took the name of the Normal Regiment. Prof. Ira More was made Captain of one Company, and more than one hundred of the teachers, alumni, and under-graduates of the school, enlisted in this regiment. The day of Mr. Norton's graduation was one to be long remembered by the mother and sister who listened to his valedictory address. The brother, G. H. Norton, a member

of the middle class of the school, sat beside them ; he had been newly elected Second Lieutenant of Company A of the Normal Regiment. For him, the youngest, "the Benjamin" of the home flock, there was to be no more school honors, no graduating day. When a few hours later they saw Company A drill on the Normal grounds, the painful question came, would their dear Henry also be swept from them by the tide of war? They were like many other loyal hearts, ready to give their all, if need be, to their country; yet they could hardly help a thrill of joy when the surgeon's verdict of rejection reached them, that Henry was "not able-bodied." And so he was excluded from the experience of his brother and friends, as Union soldiers. His heart followed them, however, on their southward march, and his feelings found expression in the following poems, which we insert at the request of friends:

UNDER THE NATION'S BANNER.

Under the Nation's banner,
Rally in Freedom's name ;
Sons of the Common Country,
Heirs of her ancient fame.

Gather around your hearthstones,
Form on your native sod,
Filled with a dauntless spirit,
To battle for Right and God.

Under the Nation's banner,
Rally to do or die.
Come, for the darkness gathers ;
Come, for the storm is nigh.

SOUTHWARD, HO.

Southward, ho ! 'Twas a thunderous war-cry,
  Rolling forth from the years of old,
As down from the crest of the Himalaya,
  Madly the Scythian war-tide rolled.
Wave on wave in their strong pulsations
  Hurled from the North-land's bounding veins.
On they poured like a tide of terror,
  Over the teeming Indian plains,
Strewing their path with the fallen altars,
  The shining gold, and the starry gems,
The pearl-wrought girdles of Hindoo princes,
  And wealth of their priceless diadems.
Over shattered throne and wrecked pagoda
  Swelled the pæan of savage joy,

As ever onward the locust-legions
  Swept to desolate and destroy.
Yet a higher life and greatness ever
  To India's tawny millions came
From the bounding life of the northern nations,
  Their nerves of steel, and their souls of flame!

Southward, ho! 'Twas a grander anthem,
  When from their far-off frozen home,
The sturdy sons of the Northern war-gods
  Poured on the rotting wreck of Rome.
Gone was the might of the ancient empire;
  Power and beauty had passed away;
All things vile, and foul, and hateful,
  Hovered around her rank decay.
Gone was the grand, heroic daring,
  Which had made her younger years sublime;
The blood was chilly, and weak, and helpless,
  That flowed through the shrunken veins of Time;
So a stronger life and a mightier spirit
  Forth from the stormy North were hurled,
And filled, with the strength of a new creation,
  The withered limbs of the dead old world.
And over the ashes of desolation
  Those vandals sowed in their gory way;
The glowing light of the modern ages
  Blazed and bloomed like a heavenly day!

Southward, ho! How the grand old war-cry
  Thunders over our land to-day;
Rolling down from the eastern mountains,
  Dying into the west away.
SOUTHWARD, HO! Bear on the watchword!
  Forward haste as in ancient days,
Till over the traitors' fallen fortress
  The stripes shall stream and the stars shall blaze.
For the Northern arm is mailed with thunder,
  The Northern heart beats high and warm,
And a stronger life shall arise in glory
  In the path of the southward-rushing storm.
The ancient wrong shall shrink and crumble,
  The darkness fly from their radiant van,
And a Southern empire rise in splendor
  For Freedom, Truth, and the Rights of Man!

With all his patriotic fire and hatred of the institution of slavery, no man felt a deeper sympathy for the sufferings of the South in the great struggle. When the soldier-brother, one of the victorious besiegers of Vicksburg, was himself made captive within its broken walls, and at length brought home a Southern bride, none gave her a warmer welcome to the circle of kindred

than Mr. Norton; and during his California life, it was his good fortune to count many dear friends among those who had lived or fought "on the other side."

Mr. Norton's friends had prophesied a literary career for him, and in boyhood he had cherished some ambition in that direction, but in 1862, he writes to his sister in regard to these hopes and aspirations, as follows: "The realities of my life have upset many of my boyish idealities. I used to have such fancies, and build such castles. Now I feel more willing to be 'faithful over the few things' my Father has given me to do. I am not at all weary of life; it was never so beautiful and significant to me as now, only my early visions of greatness and glory have faded. I used to fancy that the world was waiting for me and could hardly get on at all without me. The reading of Mrs. Browning has done me good. Her words do so correspond with our own unspoken and unspeakable consciousness. Aurora Leigh is a wonderful book; one of the grandest poems of modern times. I have a poem in my soul, teasing and begging to be written, but I am sadly afraid I shall never find fit words for it. Nevertheless, if God has given me a message, he will also give me power to make it known. It matters very little to me. This poor rudimentary life that hurries on so swiftly, will soon be over."

Immediately after his graduation, he was invited to the position of Principal of the Training School of his Alma Mater, where he at once began, with his career as a normal teacher, his more intimate acquaintance with her who was soon to share the joys and sorrows of his future life. He did not, however, remain long in the Normal School, but a few months later accepted the more lucrative position of Principal of the High School of Warsaw, Illinois; subordinate positions in the same school being accepted by his associate teachers, Miss Baker and Miss Goodrich. The time he spent at Warsaw was an important period in his life, and and on the whole, a happy one.

At this time, interrupting his career as a teacher, came the beginning of his work as a journalist. Among his personal friends were the publishers of the Bloomington *Daily Pantagraph*, who had watched with interest the literary ability which he had shown during his student life, and an invitation came to him to assume the editorship of this journal, which he accepted. While engaged in the editorial work, in January, 1864, he was married to Miss Marian Goodrich, who had been associated with him as teacher in Bloomington and Warsaw. The public mind was so deeply stirred by the Civil War still raging in the South, that most rapid and exhausting work was demanded of the editor of a daily paper. His friend Judge Kellogg thus writes: "Prof. Norton's literary work was of no mean order. His various addresses on popular and scientific subjects, his sketches of travel, stories, and occasional poems, ought to be collected and published in permanent book form. Prof. Norton's contributions to the *Kansas Magazine* in 1871–2, were among the most valuable articles published in that short-lived but excellent periodical, of which all early

Kansans were so justly proud. He was also, for one year, the successful editor of the *Kansas Educational Journal.*

As a journalist, Mr. Norton had experience as the editor of the *Daily Pantagraph* of Bloomington, Illinois, at an important period in the growth of that city, and during the later years of the War of the Rebellion. He infused into that newspaper a literary excellence and a vigor, especially in his war editorials, that were the admiration of the journalistic profession of that State. The amount of editorial work done by Mr. Norton for the *Pantagraph* was the astonishment of its proprietors and the grave concern of his friends. It was the work of a round half-dozen men, and terminated, as all such work must terminate, in physical and mental exhaustion. Mr. Norton was carried from the editorial rooms of the *Pantagraph*, on a stretcher, in the gray dawn of a November morning, after he had responded to the last call for copy for the morning edition. For many weeks it was a struggle between the powers of life and death—with much question where the mastery would be. Mr. Norton slowly recovered, and yielding to the peremptory advice of physicians, reluctantly relinquished his editorship of the paper and sought the quiet of his father's home in Ogle county, where, by the loving ministration of wife and mother, and the fresh air of his childhood's home, he was lured to health. By the partiality of his friends and neighbors, he was chosen County Superintendent of Schools for that county."

In the fall of 1865, he accepted the invitation of the Directors of the State Normal School of Kansas, to the position of Associate Principal in that institution. Of his work in this school, the Principal, with whom he was so long and happily associated, Judge Kellogg, thus writes: "Of his valuable services to the cause of normal education in Kansas, I need not speak to an Emporia audience. They are too well known and deeply written in the hearts of all his old pupils, many of whom are here present to-day. And they are too firmly grounded in the memories of the Normal School itself to need more than a passing mention. Suffice it to say that, in my judgment, the marked success of the Normal School during those early days, was due largely to the efficient labors of Prof. Norton. And I say this with a vivid memory and kindly appreciation of the very capable labors of Mrs. Gorham, Prof. Dilworth, Miss Watson, Mrs. Morse, Miss Plumb, and the other teachers who contributed their valuable services to that institution in its earlier days."

We quote again from the memorial sketch for his pupils: "The Normal School of Kansas shared with that of California the main work of his life—ten years in Kansas, from 1865 to 1875; ten years in California, from 1875 to 1885. In both States, he exerted a wide and deep influence outside his special field of educational labor. Here in Kansas, too, began his work as minister of the Gospel. His intense hungering for spiritual truth had made him not only an earnest and active Christian, but also a wide reader in theology, and in Emporia he became a licensed minister of the Congregational

Church; and while the week days were filled with scientific and other educational instruction, the Sabbaths knew his deeper teachings. Five years of this busy life brought on once more an attack of congestion of the brain, and he was forced to rest from such active mental work. But even this vacation from school, finally lasting for three years, from 1870–73, only brought him into relationship with the Kansas people in new ways, while it also led to the most unique experience of his life in conjunction with the Indians of the plains. A colony town was projected on the southern border of Kansas, in Cowley County, next to the Indian Territory. The settlers were mainly from Emporia, and they urged Mr. Norton to go with them, to which he was led the more readily by the fact that his brother was one of the colonists and was beginning mercantile business with the settlers. Here, on the banks of the Arkansas River, from which the new town was finally called Arkansas City, Mr. Norton put his hand to every new effort. He and his soldier brother built the first house—of logs—and the first store. They surveyed roads, they planned the town site, they started the first newspaper, with the printing press in an open shed.

The Indians, who had suffered so much from the rascality of the Indian traders, and whom the Government was trying to protect, liked to deal with Mr. Norton and his brother. As the friend of those early days, Judge Kellogg, writes: 'Osage, Kaw, Cheyenne, and Arrapahoes were equally at home in Prof. Norton's store and Indian ranch in the territory, and the Chiefs from the neighboring tribes were not infrequent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norton, sharing the hospitalities of Mrs. Norton's table, and, wrapped in their blankets, spending the nights in the door-yard near the house, while Mr. and Mrs. Norton with their children slept in security, thus guarded.' After a little he began to make journeys among them, while his brother maintained the store at headquarters. Then began a series of wanderings over the plains, among the wild tribes, which was the most remarkable of Mr. Norton's many strange experiences. Many of you have heard him refer to it. Once or twice he made it the subject of a fascinating lecture, and his friends were never tired of drawing out these reminiscences. It is a thousand pities he did not write them out so that they might have been preserved. Farther and farther he struck out into the Indian Territory, till, finally, one winter he spent alone among the Apaches, one hundred miles or more from any other white man. It seems almost incredible that he should have lived to tell the tale. Many were the wild adventures and hair-breadth escapes which he would narrate when his friends coaxed for them. If you watched his unpretending narration for the secret of that charmed life, you would come by degrees to see that he had power over those wild savages, as over us, by the strength and sweetness of his character. You who saw mainly his gentleness might have been surprised to know of his cool courage, that extorted admiration from even the Apaches, while he

appealed to their honor by his simple trust, and they responded to the unwonted confidence. His perfect honesty in dealing with them, and his kindness, won their hearts. They received him into their huts, cooked his meals, tended him when sick, and finally allowed him and his brother to witness their medicine dance, fire eating, and other rites that scarcely any white men have ever seen.

"It was not health alone that Mr. Norton gained by this life on the plains. He came back with added power over himself and the world. Quickness in an emergency, self-possession, readiness of resource, these were all results to be expected; but what marked him as a great-minded, great-souled man was that, instead of sinking morally or intellectually toward the level of the rude people he lived among, he came back with deeper thought and sympathy, as if he had looked more into the secret meaning of nature and of elementary human life. While he did not feel a call to give his life to the elevation of the lower races, as some philanthropists have done, his interest in such work was vital, and his yearning over these, the weak children of God, helped him to interpret the ways of God to men. It affected his theology; it made him see no less of righteous law, but more of God's universal fatherhood, more of God's many ways of reaching human souls to lift them up."

With the restoration of his health, Prof. Norton was urgently recalled to his former position in the Normal School at Emporia, an invitation which he accepted reluctantly, partly from the fact that during the Kansas life the malarial climate had seriously affected the health of Mrs. Norton and other members of the family, and his thoughts were turned toward a more salubrious region. During this season the first great locust invasion came upon Arkansas City and Southern Kansas, as a terrible calamity, causing serious depression and derangement in business, and inducing G. H. Norton to remove to Florida. For two years longer Prof. Norton resumed with added power his manifold work at Emporia, accepting, in addition to his school work, the place of acting pastor of the Congregational Church.

It was in 1875 that Principal Allen, empowered by the Trustees of the State Normal School of California to search out a suitable teacher, received from leading educational authorities in the interior States accounts of Mr. Norton's wide and deep work in Kansas. It was this which led to his being invited to the position which he filled with such honor until his death.

He removed to California in 1875, his family then including a son and two daughters. No one who has left the friends and associations of youth for a home on the Pacific slope ever gave this goodly and beautiful land a more loyal heart than did Prof. Norton. The scenery, the climate, the opportunities for work, the new friends that came into his life, all were to him cause for frequent expressions of gratitude. Here, too, it was, that on the Fourth of July, '76, the Centennial Fourth, his heart was gladdened by the birth of his second son, Paul. The same field of labor in which he had toiled in Kansas,

opened to his willing feet even more widely in California, and he was so happy in the conscious usefulness of his work as a teacher, pastor, and lecturer, that the offer of a position of Principal of a Normal School, and of President of a college in a foreign country did not tempt him to leave it. Out of his central work in California,—his Normal School Work,—grew some of the strongest friendships and dearest associations of his life, in the ties which bound him to the Principal and other members of the Faculty. The general fruits of these relations were harmony, love, and intellectual stimulus.

The general feeling on their side has been expressed by Miss Houghton, a former member of the Faculty: "His skillful handling of all subjects that he taught, his great fund of information, his ready, kindly answers to all questions, made his pupils feel that a new and strong power had been added to the school, while the Faculty, each and all, soon found themselves deferring to his opinions, drawing from his rich store of knowledge, and feeling that he was a man ready to fill any gap, to perform able, generous services here, there, and everywhere. The influence of such a man could not be confined to the schoolroom. His ready wit in the social gathering, his words of wisdom in the literary circle, and his uplifting of the spirit by his pulpit discourses, led the residents of San Jose to make strong claims upon him, to become proud of his citizenship, and to rely upon him as few men in any community are relied upon. When called to California it was expected that he would aid the Principal of the Normal School in conducting institutes in the different counties of the State. This work led to an immediate general acquaintance between him and the people of California. How well this part of his labor was performed, and how full the recognition of it by the general public, the teachers and the people throughout the length and breadth of the State can testify. Wherever he had once been called, he was again and again invited to return, until, had all the demands in this direction been satisfied, but little time would have been left for the duties of the school."

One of the first men to welcome Prof. Norton to California, was Rev. Theodore T. Munger, for a short time the Pastor of the Congregational Church of San Jose, and now of North Adams, Massachusetts. The fraternal greeting found ready response in the heart of Prof. Norton, and the bond of intellectual and Christian sympathy which he felt for Mr. Munger was strong and enduring. Prof. Norton's last address in the Congregational Church in San Jose, with which he had retained his connection during his residence in California, was on the evening after the installation of his friend and beloved brother in the church, Rev. C. W. Hill, when he spoke upon the "Work and Writings of Theodore T. Munger," to a full audience of those who had formerly been under his ministry. It was at the suggestion of Mr. Munger that, during the first year of Prof. Norton's life in San Jose, he was invited to supply the vacant pulpit of the Congregational Church at Gilroy, a town some thirty miles

south of San Jose. The little church, composed of cultured, appreciative people, was yet unable to give full support to a resident pastor, and the temporary relation, at last, became an almost permanent one, continuing, with few interruptions, for the last nine years of his life. Of the tender, sacred ties which grew up between this people and Prof. Norton it would be difficult for others to speak adequately or understandingly. With all the burdens of toil which rested upon him, his services at Gilroy seemed to refresh and strengthen him for his weekly labor, and he usually came home in a happy or joyful frame of mind. Of the precious fruits of this labor, others have spoken in letters and memorial addresses.

It was during his second year of California life, in June, 1877, that a sad message reached him from the old homestead on the prairies. The beloved mother, from her active, useful life of constant and blessed service, had been suddenly translated, at the age of seventy-seven. Her last thoughts were of her far-off sons in California and Florida; her last message, to them and their households. The tidings reached him in Southern California while conducting an institute, and the following Sabbath, on his return, he spoke from his heart, of this bereavement, to his people at Gilroy. His touching tribute then given to his mother has seemed a fitting close for this volume.

In the autumn of 1877 he welcomed his sister to his new home, and from that time until his death it was her privilege to share his labors at the Normal School.

In the summer of 1879 the National Sabbath School Assembly convened at Pacific Grove, Monterey, Dr. J. H. Vincent, of New York, being the inspiring spirit of the session. Prof. Norton addressed the assembly and assisted Dr. Vincent and President C. C. Stratton in the work of organizing the C. L. S. C. of the Pacific Coast. Those who were present will remember that earnest and impressive address in which he seconded Dr. Vincent's eloquent appeal in behalf of this society. For three or four years Prof. Norton shared with President Stratton and the Secretaries the cares and toils of the summer assembly; and wherever his duties called him in the interest of education, he sought to extend this beneficent work, which he deemed especially adapted to meet a felt want in a State where the very geography of the country shuts out so many from the higher intellectual and spiritual forces of society. In this work Prof. Norton came into relations of warm friendship with Dr. C. C. Stratton.

In 1879, on account of the continued ill health of his family, and also to give his children more of an industrial education than he could in town, Prof. Norton removed to his country home, a few miles from San Jose, in the Santa Cruz mountains. This home, which became so dear to him, was chosen partly for the salubrious climate, being situated upon a summit ridge of the mountains, and commanding a grand view of sea and land. Here, among his trees and vines, he found the rest which comes with change of toil and

congenial work. Into this home came the youngest child, May. Here, too, he entered into the local interests of the community, dividing his Sabbaths between Gilroy and the mountain, endearing himself to the people, and drawing their hearts from daily toil to higher realms of spiritual thought. He promoted also the intellectual life of the community by his lectures, and by his interest in their literary society and in the selection of the School Library.

The year 1884 was an eventful one with him, marked especially by reunions with kindred and early friends. He was appointed to represent the Pacific Coast and deliver an address before the National Teachers' Association, which convened in Madison, Wisconsin, in July of that year, receiving at the same time from the Principal, Miss Sill, an invitation to deliver the Commencement address at Rockford Seminary. Just before starting on this Eastern trip he welcomed to his home a cousin who had been the playmate of his boyhood, and the friend of later years, from her work as Principal of Kawaiahao Seminary, Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. The invitation to attend the association gave him an opportunity to visit the home and friends of his youth. Of the happiness he felt in seeing once more the aged father, yet active and vigorous, to whom more than four score years had come and gone ; of the fraternal welcome that awaited him in the home of his oldest brother, where he seemed to feel like a boy again, we may not speak. For nineteen years he had not looked upon the face of his beloved older sister, Mrs. O. B. Youngs. It was with mingled joy and sorrow that she welcomed him to the home where Alice, the youngest of her household, lay dying. Within a few weeks of graduation, this daughter had returned from college to sink rapidly to her grave with consumption. To her young soul so swiftly passing, and to her stricken parents, the coming of the brother and uncle was like an angel's visit. On the Sabbath preceding the death and funeral of the dear girl, Prof. Norton preached in the church with which he had first united in boyhood. Many changes had occurred in the years that had passed ; many places had become vacant, and to these he referred, closing the discourse by repeating the following poem from Whittier. To some who heard him that day the words seem like a prophecy :

" What cheer hath he ? How is it with him !
Where lingers he this weary while ?
Over what pleasant fields of Heaven
Dawns the sweet sunrise of his smile ?

Why on this spring air comes no whisper
From him to tell us all is well ?
Why to our flower-time comes no token
Of lily or of asphodel ?

I feel the unutterable longing ;
The hunger of the heart is mine ;
I reach and grope for hands in darkness,
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

Still on the lips of all we question,
The finger of God's silence lies;
Will the lost hands in ours be folded?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O friend! no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our hearts, we need;
God will not mock the hope he giveth,
No love he prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er:
Some day their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.

No dreary splendor waits our coming
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;
Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,
The harvest-gathering of the heart."

A week later he was recalled from Rockford, where he had been invited to preach, to see the dear dust laid to its last rest, and speak comforting words to the stricken ones. Then came sad, yet hopeful partings, and a happy week in Rockford in the home of his boyhood's friend, Dr. Clark, where he met also, Miss Sill, Rev. H. M. Goodwin, and other early friends.

The National Association, more nearly international, was not only an occasion of grand inspiration and mental stimulus, but also a reunion with many of his former school friends, instructors and co-laborers. Among these were Prof. Aaron Gove, editor of the *Colorado School Journal*, and Prof. E. C. Hewett, Principal of the State Normal University of Illinois.

During the winter of 1884–85 he was elected President of the State Teachers' Association of California for the succeeding year. His heart was much in the work of this assembly, which was to convene in San Jose. The order of exercises and general arrangements were mainly completed at the time of his death.

At the request of President Stratton, he had consented to preside at the Summer Assembly of the C. L. S. C., during the first week of the session.

On June 7th, 1885, Prof. Norton preached upon the subject of "Immortality," his last sermon, to a full audience of friends and neighbors, at the mountain school house.

On the 14th of June he was at Gilroy, and spoke to his people there from the text, "How shall a man be just before God," and "Ye must be born again." Mrs. Hunter wrote of this service: "We all noticed and spoke of the unusual earnestness of his appeal and the far-away look in his eyes, as if even then he had a glimpse of the glory awaiting him." Every one who saw him on Monday, on his way home, spoke of his peculiarly joyous frame of mind, his sparkling humor, an unusual exhilaration seeming to possess him, as though some great happiness had come to him, or awaited him.

Dr. and Mrs. Guild of Santa Barbara accompanied him home, and the next morning, Tuesday, he took them with his sister for a drive. On Wednesday morning he rose in his usual cheerful spirits, and sang a morning hymn, beginning,

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run."

He spoke to Mrs. Norton of feeling very weary, but said he had arranged with Prof. Allen to attend to the survey of a new road, but did not feel like undertaking it. Yet he did not seem in any way indisposed. In the evening he came home exhausted, feeling that he had taken a severe cold. He retired early, but could not sleep, and before morning was attacked with pleurisy. Suitable treatment was commenced at once with good results, and though he seemed quite ill, there was no anxiety on his part or that of his family, as to his recovery. On Thursday forenoon, June 18th, he seemed better, and spoke cheerfully of opening the C. L. S. C. Assembly at Monterey, on the 27th. Little three-year-old May climbed upon the bed beside him, and he told her one of his original stories, the last words of paternal love to any of his children. On Friday and Friday night he grew worse from the progress of the pleurisy; the pain and inflammation were again subdued, however, on Saturday, though he was left very weak, and at evening spoke of severe pain in the head and neck, and, during the night, became suddenly unconscious with congestion of the brain. From this condition he could not be aroused by all the skill and faithful service of his physicians and friends.

Gathered around his bedside during the last hours were his family and several of his best beloved friends, including Prof. and Mrs. C. H. Allen. Beside him, supported by her eldest son, Harry, stood the faithful wife, who for three days and nights, rejecting sleep, had kept her ceaseless vigil. His older daughters, Jessie and Daisy, just entering womanhood, and his youngest son, Paul, aged nine, were also present, with the sister who had so long shared his work.

Swiftly and painlessly came "the last of earth;" a serene and lofty expression resting upon the face of the unconscious man, until, just as the sun rose over the mountains on Monday, June 22d, at six o'clock, he passed from the beauty of the earthly morning to the glories of the Heavenly Day.

M. E. B. N.

THE MOUNTAIN BURIAL.

The Burial Upon the Mountain.

Professor Norton's expressed wish had been that he should be buried in the simplest manner, near his home. The following accounts, published at the time, describe the way in which this wish was carried out:

A MEMORABLE SCENE.

From "The Pacific," of San Francisco.

At midday of Tuesday, June 23d, on the dusty road leading toward Skyland, were hundreds of sorrowing hearts toiling up the mountains. Some were in carriages, some in wagons, some on horseback and some on foot, but all moved by common impulse, until a long procession was formed, winding its slow way high up among the mountains, and halting at a beautiful knoll in a region of surpassing loveliness. Here, under the deep-blue canopy of heaven, sheltered from the bright rays of the noonday sun by the spreading branches of a group of magnificent old oaks, the sad procession paused, and, with bowed heads, gathered silently about the bier of their beloved neighbor, teacher and friend, Professor H. B. Norton. Called so suddenly from his beautiful Skyland home to his fairer mansions in the sky, it seemed particularly fitting that the last sad rites should be paid to him in the midst of scenes he loved so well, and that there, where his works praise him on every side, he should be laid away for his long rest. Rude seats had been prepared, and a pulpit improvised for the occasion, back of which stood an organ, surrounded by the choir of singers that assist in the Sunday services held in the schoolhouse not far from Skyland, where, two weeks before his death, Professor Norton—always about his "Father's business"—had preached a most impressive sermon from the text, "Ye must be born again."

The funeral services were most appropriate and impressive. After singing by the choir, reading of Scripture selections by Rev. C. W. Hill of San Jose, and a fervent prayer by Dr. Stratton, of the University of the Pacific, Mr. Hill gave a brief historical sketch of Professor Norton's life, setting forth the noble work done by him as an educator and a minister of Jesus Christ. Eloquent and touching tributes to the rare worth and fidelity of the departed one were also given by Dr. Stratton and Rev. T. K. Noble, and the services closed with a feeling prayer by Rev. Dr. Beckwith, beseeching the presence

of the Divine Comforter for the mourning hearts. Mingling with all the service, the sweet songs of the birds overhead seemed calling upon the stricken hearts to look up and beyond, to that bright world where there is no more sorrow, nor tears, nor any death. The air was laden with the perfume of the flowers strewn in rich profusion about the bier, and woven into many rare and beautiful designs. The whole scene was most impressive, and will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to witness it. Had a voice been heard saying, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," it would have awakened no surprise, for the place seemed the very gate of heaven. And when the benediction had been said, and the face of him they loved and honored was uncovered, and the throng of mourners began the sorrowful march past the bier, it was quite evident that all were indeed mourners; tears were shed that day not alone by the young, the tender, and the near kindred, but were seen coursing down the bronzed faces of the strong men of the mountains, who had found in him a friend and a brother; lying there so calm, so still, so unmoved by the touching scene, he might, without irreverence, have exclaimed in the words of his beloved Master: "Behold my mother and my brethren!" When the last farewells had been said by all that multitude of mourners, and by the stricken widow, and the orphaned children, and the devoted sister, the casket was tenderly raised, and, followed by the long procession, all on foot, carried by the brothers of an order to which he belonged, to a neighboring knoll, where his grave had been prepared, he was laid away by loving hands to sleep "until the resurrection morning." C. E. N.

LAID AT REST.

From the "San Jose Daily Republic."

Upon an isolated knoll at Skyland, close by his former residence, there is a newly-made grave to-day, and that grave contains the body of one who was so well known throughout the State, loved and honored wherever known—Prof. H. B. Norton. His remains were yesterday laid carefully to their long rest by a large number of his friends who gathered from every accessible point to pay their last tribute of love and respect to the man whose name, teachings, and example had become so familiar to the residents of San Jose, and other cities of California, during his residence of ten years among them.

The scene that presented itself was indeed an impressive one. Down, far down in the valley below, a dense haze obscured the life and bustle, making the world seem quiet and far away; while the banks of fog hanging over the western horizon, gave a troubled aspect to the world lying there so quietly. Where the mourners gathered and the body lay, upon the summit of a high knoll, all was fresh and green; the trees seemed bright with life, while the atmosphere

surrounding and above was clear and beautiful—evidently that of another world, that the company had, for a short hour, been transported to, in company with him to whom they had come to do reverence. And, as if a token of recognition from that world to which the spirit had already flown, came a sunbeam, breaking through the foliage overhead, and, falling athwart the face of the deceased, illumined it brightly as his friends took a sad farewell.

One noticeable fact of the day, and one which was touching to all who witnessed the ceremonies, was that every move connected with the burial was made entirely by intimate friends. Their loving hands placed him in the coffin; they were the ones that closed the coffin-lid over his face forever; they were the ones that carried his body carefully to the grave, and sorrowfully and tenderly replaced the earth in the grave above him, covering it with the profusion of flowers brought, and placing at the head of the grave a magnificent floral offering, illustrating the portals of the gate to the "Great Beyond," through which the soul had entered.

DR. C. C. STRATTON'S ADDRESS.

Stepping forward to the coffin and laying his hand upon it, the speaker said: I desire to be near Professor Norton while I can. I was always attracted to him during his life, and am not willing to be far removed, now, that he is dead. The presence of this representative assembly, of teachers, of ministers, of men of business, of near neighbors, assures us that Professor Norton occupied a large place among us. In the Faculty he was an inspiring presence and a recognized power. In the pulpit he was a fresh and progressive thinker and preacher. In the church he was a warm-hearted, sympathizing Christian man. He occupied a prominent place upon the platform in behalf of all the deserving reforms of the day. At the time of his death he was President of the State Association of Teachers, and this but fairly represented his place in the great work to which he had devoted his life. The presence of these neighbors, and the sorrow which sits upon every face, bear evidence of the large place which he filled among them. Last week I was in correspondence with him in the interest of the approaching meeting of the Literary and Scientific Circle at Monterey, and received but a few days ago his written consent to open the session and preside until my engagements should permit me to be present. When the message announcing his death met me at the station on my return home yesterday morning, I was stunned by the suddenness of the blow. I had not even heard of his sickness. Then arose the question: How can we do without him? Who can fill his place at Monterey? Who can take his place in the Faculty? It seemed to me that we could not do without him. Professor Norton occupied a large place.

The providence which removed such a man, at such a time is inscrutable. Aristotle placed the summit of man's life at forty-nine. According to this standard Professor Norton had just reached his prime. And yet in the midst of his years, and in the fullness of his powers, he was suddenly cut down, and the places which knew him in life are to know him no more. Nevertheless, in this hour of sore bereavement, when all the waves and billows of the Almighty are gone over us, one lesson, at any rate, emerges into prominence. If a man die he shall live again. It would be an impeachment of the wisdom and goodness of God to suppose that Professor Norton is dead. An ancient Greek philosopher reasoned in favor of the immortality of the soul from the largeness of our capacities and desires, and the limitations of our present condition. With natures capable of the most wonderful attainments and subject to the most boundless desires and aspirations, we are hemmed in by limitations on every side, and know that at any day or moment our careers may be suddenly cut short by death. As to the wicked and the worldly, one sees them to-day in great power, and spreading themselves like the green bay tree, but he passes by and lo they are not, yea he seeks them diligently but they cannot be found. They conceive great schemes and push forward magnificent enterprises for a score or two of years, and then drop the lines of control into the hands of those who are to come after them. But it is in the pursuits of the intellect and the aspirations of the heart that the contrast is most striking. The active mind asks questions every hour, and from every object—of the stars at midnight, of the flowers at noonday, of whispering breezes and babbling brooks. The renewed heart longs for the overthrow of vice, for the triumph of virtue—not for the conquest of a sin and the expulsion of an evil, but for the universal victory of right and truth, and the utter annihilation of error and evil. Men resolve to accomplish by their efforts what they long for in their lofty moods. They form great plans of self-improvement. They resolve to intermeddle with all knowledge. However high the summit, they will attempt to scale it; however profound the depth they resolve to fathom it. Or they will realize their schemes of benevolence. They will not idle their time in lamenting the existence of evil and of sin, they will address themselves to the overthrow of everything counter to truth and righteousness. But the appetite for knowledge exceeds the present capacity; the schemes of benevolence far outrun the limit of a single human life. Much is attempted, a little is done, the ambitious career is arrested, and the broken column becomes the symbol of the fragmentary life. And are we therefore the dupes of our desires—the victims of our best aspirations and plans? God forbid. We find that the eye is adapted to light, and light to the eye; the ear to sound and sound to the ear; the palate to sapid substances and sapid substances to the palate—that the intimations of our nature are met by the realities of the world around us. Even so the soul was made for immortality, and nothing inferior will satisfy its capacities.

When shall we find a nature more fully answering this picture of an earnest life than in Professor Norton. His eye was never satisfied with seeing nor his mind with acquiring, nor his heart with giving. He had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, an absorbing desire to do good. He was in the full meridian of his splendid powers, when the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken at the cistern. But Professor Norton is not dead. The broken shaft and the extinguished lamp may represent the abrupt termination of his earthly career, but the soul, the immortal part, has just begun to live. For his large nature, time was too short, and this world too small. But eternity, and the universe, and God, and the divine government, will afford ample scope for his largest desires and exercise his highest powers. Let us follow him into that better country.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Memorial Service in San Jose.

As the death of Professor Norton occurred during the long summer vacation of the Normal School, when most of the pupils had returned to their homes in various parts of the State, no school memorial service could then be held. There was, however, a universal desire expressed by the people of San Jose, that a service should be held as soon as possible, in which, they, as citizens, might express their grief at the great loss, and their esteem for Professor Norton's life and work.

In accordance with this wish, arrangements were made for a memorial service, to be held on the Sunday next after his death, and the following card of invitation was sent out by the Faculty of the Normal School:

State Normal School,

San Jose, Cal., June 25, 1885.

Memorial Service.

A service, in commemoration of the work and worth of the late

PROF. HENRY BRACE NORTON,

Will be held in the Assembly Hall of the State Normal School on Sunday, June 28th, at 3 o'clock P. M. All friends,—and we believe this includes every one who knew him,—are invited to attend.

In response to this invitation, twelve hundred mourners met in the assembly hall of the State Normal School, at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The Vice-Principal's vacant chair stood before his table at the foot of the platform, and both were garlanded with flowers. Upon the front of the

platform stood his portrait, the one presented to the school by the Christmas graduating class of 1884. It rested on an easel and was wreathed with ivy. At its foot, lying upon the stage, was a sheaf of wheat, a bundle of palm leaves, and some magnolia buds. At one side stood a crescent and cross of roses resting on a pedestal of roses, and on the other was a cross of pure white flowers. The platform was occupied by Prof C. H. Allen, Principal, Trustees Cory, Beans, Lowe and Archer; the Rev. Messrs. Bushnell, Hill, and Dunn; Judge David Belden; Prof. E. Knowlton of San Francisco; Miss Jessica Thompson of the Normal School faculty, and Miss Mamie Adams, one of the alumni. In front of the stage sat the other members of the faculty and the immediate friends of Prof. Norton, and also his sister, Miss Mary E. B. Norton and his younger son, Paul, these being the only members of his family present. The choir was selected from the choirs of the local churches, under the leadership of Prof. J. H. Elwood.

The memorial services consisted of the following:

DIRGE.

BY THE CHOIR.

"Hark to the Solemn Bell."

SCRIPTURE READING.

REV. T. S. DUNN.

PRAYER.

REV. D. E. BUSHNELL.

Almighty and Most Merciful God, Maker and Ruler of all Worlds, in whom we live, move, and have our being, we adore and praise Thee, for Thou art worthy of all praise and adoration. "The heavens declare Thy glory; and the firmament showeth thy handiwork." "All Thy works praise Thee." We thank Thee for Thy manifold mercies, and for the great love wherewith Thou hast loved us. We believe that it is an everlasting love. "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. We have a goodly heritage." And though to-day "we pass under the rod," and walk in the shadow of a great sorrow, we know that our Father's hand holds the rod, and that He smiles in fathomless loving kindness above the cloud. Thou art too wise to err and too good to be unkind. Thou gavest us our dearly loved friend, and madest him to be what he has been to us through Thy wonderful love. We thank Thee for his rare and beautiful life; for its rich fruitage of good, its noble testimony to Thy truth and love; for the inspiration of his words that

rang out upon the world like a clarion; for his brave and noble deeds, that came over our hearts and went into our souls and abide as an influence; for the deep, tender love he bore for us; for his broad and Christ-like charity—for all that made him what he was to us, O God we thank Thee, for Thou madest Him such. Thine he was, not ours alone. He was Thy son, O King! He walked with Thee—walked with Thee in the highways of men, in the solitude of the prairie and the forest, in the temple and in the closet, in the bustling mart; everywhere He walked with Thee; "and He is not, for Thou hast taken Him." Comfort our disconsolate hearts to-day, O Lord, for we are greatly bereaved. Thou hast taken from us a friend, a father, a real lover of his kind. But we bow in submission and thank Thee that his work abides. It will remain forever. In it we shall see him and hear his familiar voice again. Command Thy blessing upon the stricken household—"the mother with the children," and upon that larger household outside of the home of which he was the center. Bless this noble institution, bereft of his care and counsel. Guide, we beseech Thee, those who guide its affairs, and guard its life, and plan its work. When they shall sit in sad and perplexed council to choose a new occupant for this vacant chair, do Thou in wisdom direct them. O Lord, we lay this great and noble school, with our broken hearts and all our burdens, upon Thy broad promises of grace, and rejoice that Thou carest for us. Guide us by Thy counsel, and afterward receive us to glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

ANTHEM.

"*Hear My Prayer.*"

SERMON.

REV. C. W. HILL.

ACTS XIII, 36.

"David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

There is no better gift to any generation than that of an upright man who gives himself in service to his fellow men. The eulogistic notice the Bible takes of such is a sufficient warrant for the words which shall be spoken here to-day. It is not to rehearse the work and worth of David that this passage is chosen, but to show that the sentence in which the apostle summarized the life of that poet, warrior and king, may, without limitation, be applied to the name that fills our thoughts and to which we bring our grateful and loving memorial. To-day the whole city rises up to honor the name of Henry Brace Norton, who has served his generation by the will of God and fallen asleep.

It may be said of him, as of David, that *he was a servant.* That much despised word, when applied to such men, is seen to be a title of honor. Every man who orders his life according to "the will of God" is a servant. Height of dignity, supremacy of station, superiority of intellect, so far from lifting one above the necessity of serving others, do but place him under the greater obligation. By as much as a man is *gifted* above others, by so much is he *indebted* to others. It is God's merciful law that weakness confers rights, want gives prerogatives, and ignorance has claims, while power and wisdom impose responsibility; so that the wise become the servants of the unenlightened and "they that are strong shall bear the infirmities of the weak." This benevolent law was the law of his life whose death we so deeply lament. Did ever a servant toil more willingly than he? Too willingly, some of us have thought. Had he been a less willing servant he might have rendered longer service. Society is a hard master. It presses the most willing servants into severest toil. But God deals gently with his own. He has fixed a limit of weariness, beyond which is rest; and when this toiler had reached that point, God touched him and called him home. Therefore is he before the throne of God to serve Him day and night in His temple. He shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on him nor any heat, and God *has* wiped away all tears from his eyes.

True greatness is in proportion to one's power and willingness to serve. I know the world counts that man great who can command the greatest number; but Christianity counts him greatest who can *serve* the greatest number. Fitly has Theodore Woolsey said: "A man who can serve nobody is the lowest of human beings, except him who can do service to his fellow men and will not; he is lower than the lowest. Then, as the capacity to serve rises, or more exactly, as the number of persons whom, by position, power of mind and good will, a man can serve, becomes greater, so the service rises in degree until we reach Christ, whose greatness consists in being the servant of the human race through all lands and ages." And Jesus said: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant! Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Measured by this standard, Prof. Norton was of the greatest among us, for he was the servant of many. As a teacher he was the faithful servant of his pupils. As a lecturer he rendered valuable service to the public. As a preacher he exemplified the spirit of that apostle who said: "We preach not ourselves, but Jesus Christ the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." Among the last words I heard from his lips were: "I am not my own master." And when asked why he allowed himself to be drawn into so many engagements he replied: "Oh, if I can help a little I

must help." Nor can we ever forget the last prayer-meeting in which he was present. The subject was E. E. Hale's motto: "Look up and not down. Look out and not in. Look forward and not back. Lend a hand." Others had spoken upon the first three sentences, but it was left for Professor Norton to finish the motto, in a manner such as only he could do. He spoke as one having authority, the authority of a life devoted to others—as he enforced the words, "Lend a hand." And that dear hand which now is folded on his silent breast, he seemed to keep to lend. He has lent it to me, he has lent it to you. To whom, of this great assembly, teachers, pupils, pastors, citizens, has he not lent his hand? And who that ever clasped it has not felt the pulsation of a warm and generous heart?

In order to know the character of his service we need to know the character of the man. Let us pause, therefore, to note some of the early influences by which Providence prepared him for his work.

The first was the inheritance, from both his parents, of a robust intellect, a poetic temperament, a restless inquisitiveness of mind, together with strong religious principles and a sympathetic heart.

His active brain would have overdrawn fatally the forces of the body had not his father removed to frontier life, where books were few, and the surroundings were favorable to physical development.

The age of 15 years is the period "when," as Theodore Munger has said, "the largest capacity of youth is that of inspiration. The heart and mind are open for all winds to blow through, airs from heaven, or blasts from hell." Happily, at that period, he was under the influence of devout men and women at Rockford, Illinois, who left their impress on the character that was taking permanent shape. To these he has looked back over the gulf of twenty years with affectionate gratitude. "It is astonishing," says Mozley, "how much good goodness makes." Old John Brown said: "For a settler in a new country, one good believing man is worth a thousand without character."

The three years spent among the Indians form another epoch in which he was enlarged and equipped for his work. Here, amidst "the sleep that is among the lonely hills," he communed with God, with nature and with himself, and faced the mysteries of being. He read the silent stars, the boundless plains, the trees and shrubs and flowers; he studied beast and man, alike untamed. He put himself in sympathy with the savage races, learned their needs, studied their secrets, and taught them higher things. Deprived of books, he wrought over in his mind the lore of learning derived from books, in years gone by. It was an education in the University of Nature, hardly less valuable than that of his literary course. What the wilderness was to Moses, the mountain loneliness to Elijah, the desert of Arabia to Paul, or the Isle of Patmos to John, such was his Indian life to Henry Norton, out of which he returned to his work, not only with a renewal of health, but with his knowledge

classified and at command by years of reflection, and a nature enlarged, deepened and sanctified by devout meditation.

His manhood was well rounded, and not a one-sided development. In persons of marked character, qualities are likely to grow disproportionately, one being developed at the expense of its opposite. He who develops a resistless energy is in danger of becoming heedless of the rights and feelings of others. Courage is not easily blended with meekness, boldness with caution, or sternness with a melting pity. But in him these qualities were held in proportion. Strength and beauty, so rarely combined in nature or character, found their union in him. His mind displayed strength in argument and beauty in poetry. He united strength of will with the beauty of the affections. He was "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," and "the beauty of the Lord our God was upon him." "The rock which, on its seaward side, stands abrupt, perpendicular and bare, ready to meet and repel the assaults of the ocean, does, on its landward side, hold out its arms to the soil, and carries on its bosom the soft moss, the beautiful lichen or the blooming flower;" so he, who stood before error and injustice unblenching and unabashed, did yet at home open his heart to all the tender affections of the family, and delight especially in children. On entering the house of a friend whose little child was crying, he took the child upon his knee, and, with his microscope, caught the rays of light from the tear and displayed a rainbow. In another moment the little one was laughing heartily as it gazed at a rainbow from the tear which still glistened on its cheek. A friend observing the circumstance, wrote these words:

"'Twas like Professor Norton,
Our philosopher and seer,
To draw a shining rainbow
From a little baby's tear."

The best things of the best poets are not out of place when spoken of him:

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Such was the man who, ten years ago, you called to the State Normal School, and who, with his admirably constituted mind, extensive knowledge, retentive memory, unmatched industry, high moral sense and heart of sympathy, was fitted in every way to bring to this institution a valuable service, and not to this institution alone, but to the city, the churches and the State.

The service which Professor Norton rendered took its form from the circumstances and needs of the hour. He "served his own generation." Some men seem to be born too late. Their sympathies are with the generation that has passed. Believing that "former days were better than these," they set themselves to the vain task of reproducing the days that are gone, and

restoring ideas that are dead. Some men seem to be born too soon, the world is not ready for them. They are accounted dreamers, they strive for issues which cannot be realized until in later generations. But this man was the flowering of his age; the natural child of this generation. He was keenly alive to all that was transpiring about him. The age in which such a man lives has fully as much influence upon him as he can have upon it; and the character of his times fixes the form of his service. The path the shepherd takes is determined by the direction in which he hears the cry of the wandering sheep. Professor Norton's course was determined by the way in which he heard the call of need. Wherever was want, wherever was weakness, wherever was grief, wherever was a mind or heart needing help, thither his footsteps turned, that he might be a present help in time of need. He found his joy in serving. He has entered heaven at last through the gate of self-sacrifice. As a teacher I believe he did not hold himself strictly to one department. His instruction was determined by the needs of the school. As a lecturer his subjects were chosen with reference to the practical wants of the community. It was "Household Art" to which women gladly listened who felt the burden of domestic life. It was "Bugs" and "Insects" which fruit growers, troubled with the pests, flocked to hear. It was such departments of science as bear upon the industries of the State. When the Knight Templars came to this coast they found him with a lecture prepared concerning their order, full of facts, new to many, interesting to all. As a preacher he can be classed with no one. He was largely in sympathy with Drs. Robertson, Bushnell, Bascom and Farrar, and felt strong admiration for Theodore Munger. His sermons were eminently scriptural but largely illustrated by facts drawn from his studies in science. His familiarity with the technology of science rendered this feature of his sermons peculiarly interesting. His morning sermons were of truly biblical character, applying the unchanging principles of the gospel to the ever-changing needs of society. His Sunday evening lectures were of the nature of natural theology and biography. His sermons were not written, but outlined in a little pocket note book which he held in his hand while preaching. In the pulpit he seemed utterly oblivious of himself. It was not an orator speaking, so much as it was a mind working. His command of language was marvelous, and the audience soon forgot the man, and were borne along in the strong current of his thoughts.

He who "serves his own generation by the will of God" will be of service to the generation following. There is a growth of the race as truly as of the individual. "In to-day already walks to-morrow." It is said of Dr. Arnold of Rugby that "he made the men that are now making England." Professor Norton has for ten years been making men, and women too, who are now making manhood and womanhood throughout the length and breadth of California. Every man has two immortalities, one he takes with him to

another sphere, the other he leaves behind to walk the earth and represent him still. "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Now that he has "served his own generation by the will of God," we may rest in the unfaltering confidence that *it is by the same will that he has fallen asleep.* I do not forget the fact that he died in the midst of usefulness, ere he had fairly reached the prime of life; that he had outlined plans for the coming years that seemed beyond the accomplishment of any man; that he had formed magnificent schemes, which, if carried out, could but enhance the welfare of the State; and now in the midst of all this, he suddenly falls, like a bird that is winged in its flight or shot in the middle of its song. But think not that he fell otherwise then "by the will of God," without whom "not even a sparrow falleth to the ground." True it is that his plans of life are not carried to fulfillment; but what man's plans in life are fulfilled? Only one who ever walked the earth completed the work he outlined to do, and dying, could utter the triumphant cry, "It is finished." His was a work which from its nature must be perfected by himself. But what other being, even of the rarest specimens of the race, ever carried his plans of life to perfect fulfillment? David hoped to serve his generation by building the temple, but he fell asleep, having only gathered the material. The Venerable Bede planned to translate the New Testament, but fell asleep with the translation incomplete. Macaulay planned to write a history of England, "up to the time of the memory of men still living," a history which should outlive the centuries; and he died, leaving a splendid fragment of a well attempted work. Thackery and Dickens each left a story half told. I have a little book, the introduction to which, written by William Cullen Bryant, ends in the middle of a sentence. We must distinguish between men's plans and God's plans. The fulfillment of His plans shall not be found in the work of any one man, but in the combination of the imperfect work of all men. As in Grecian art, perfection is sought by the combining of imperfect lines, so from our broken lives shall come final perfection under the hand of Him "who doeth all things well." Although Professor Norton had hardly reached the noon of life, yet, by reason of diligence he accomplished, in the time, a large day's work. If it be true that some men "return to heaven late," borrowing time from eternity, this man has saved up time to be spent in glory. He has gone in his glorious prime.

> "It waned not to the days that freeze.
> His wine of life ran not to bitter lees."

Heaven is richer for thy going hence, my brother! Yea, heaven is richer, but how poor are we. Thine is the crown, the robe, the palm, the glory; ours, this empty chair! God help us all to live as servants of our generation that when, like thee, we rest from our labors, our works shall follow as a flight of angels singing us to rest.

ADDRESS.

HON. DAVID BELDEN.

(On behalf of the Citizens of the State.)

FELLOW CITIZENS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—When the first sad and startling intelligence came to us that Professor Henry B. Norton was dead, those of us who were familiar with his active life, who knew the varied, as well as broad field in which his tireless energies had been exercised, could well foresee who, beyond the members of his bereaved family, and the circle of his intimate personal friends, would first, and must most, lament his loss. We knew that in journalism, part of his busy life had been passed, and that ever, far beyond the sound of his voice, the influence of his immediate presence, his pen had been a recognized power in all that could affect the morality, or add to the intelligence of the age, and we knew, well knew, the grateful tributes, worthy alike the one departed, and those that remained, that journalism would pay to his honored memory.

All knew that as the sincere believer, and the earnest teacher of a revealed faith, he had ever sought to do the bidding of the Master, and to preach, as it was given to him to understand, those principles, by which his faith had ever been guided, those doctrines which illumined his own mind—and we well knew, that among those from whom he was taken, those who had walked in his companionship, had shared his labors, or had profited by his teachings, what cherished memories would be recalled, what words of sorrowing hope be spoken, of the associate gone from their midst, of the teacher who had but passed on before them.

In the benevolent orders which had shared his brotherhood, we knew that solemn rite, and sad ceremonial, with all which impressive pageantry could bestow, would attest their affection, and strive, however vainly, to express the measure of their loss.

In the State Institution of learning, in which, like the guardian spirit that went forth with Israel from Egypt, he was at once a pillar and a light, we knew the measureless loss, and there came to us the bitter lamentation. We knew that the strong men who had for these many years lived and labored by his side, who had felt their toils lightened by his willing arm, their cares lessened by his earnest sympathy and sound judgment, would mourn for him as for a brother. That the youths of his guidance, as they gazed tearfully upon the vacant chair, and missed the cheering greeting, would keenly feel that in the master, the mentor and the friend, a second father was taken away. We knew that the strains of sorrow that would wail forth from these walls, would find a responsive echo from afar, and that from distant lands, and from beyond the seas, would come the sad requiem of the hosts that had gone forth from his teaching, to labor and to strive in the battle of life. These were the ones, those nearest to him in association, closest to him in sympathy

and affection, who we knew would walk closest to his bier, that would stand nearest his honored grave, and that from these stricken ones, would come all that in language could be expressed, of their appreciation of his merits, their deep sorrow for his loss; and as with silent lips, but swelling hearts, men stand beside a waiting grave, their presence the attestation of their sympathy, their silence, of a grief too deep for words, it were perhaps best befitting us, that in sorrowing silence we should thus take our part in this sad ceremonial. But not to those alone who stood nearest Professor Norton was it known that to these associates, and associations, I have named, but a small measure of his useful life was given. That beyond the creed that formulated his own cherished faith, there went a spirit of boundless charity, that dogma could not fetter, nor creed restrain, that labored, and loved, and hoped for all. Its field, the world, its interpreter, all tongues. Its aspirations and purposes, as broad as humanity, as boundless and far reaching as the eternity in which he believed, and for which he labored. That without, as within these walls, he was a teacher, patient and tireless, whose only question to a world craving knowledge, was, where can I best and most instruct this multitude. That whenever in the interest of morals, of religion, of instruction, or of charity, the world called for a teacher, there came from these lips, now silent, the prompt and the willing response,—Here am I.

It is not strange that for such a character there should be mourning throughout the length and breadth of the land. That the household of his mourners should stretch far beyond the bounds of kinship, and the claims of blood. A host of friends endeared to him, although he knew them not. Sorrowing pupils who had only been taught by his own bright example.

Is it strange that for such a life thus dedicated to the universal good, there should be now one universal lamentation? That by a thousand hearth-stones that he never saw there should be grief, as though in each its first-born lay dead. It was for this array of mourners it was thought fitting some voice should be heard, that these alone should not stand silent and dumb in their great sorrow. And to me has been assigned the sad duty of bringing their tribute to this honored shrine.

In what I have already said, perhaps that task may be deemed performed. However that may be, I well understand that I can but repeat what all must know, but feebly express what all most deeply feel. My own acquaintance with Professor Norton was of the most casual nature, and my estimate of his character and worth is largely based upon the uniform judgment which attended him living, the unanimous verdict which now follows him dead. But however brief the acquaintance or limited the intercourse which one might have enjoyed with Professor Norton, there were characteristics and qualities, so marked and exceptional, that they could not fail to impress themselves upon the most casual observer. A sincere and earnest teacher as well as laborer in the doctrines of the Christian faith, his was a religion of

action and of practice, rather than one of assertion, or mere precept. Recognizing the fact that within or without the range of creeds there might be the widest divergence of honest opinion, he never rudely assailed, however radically he might dissent from the views of others, and though ever ready to defend, and always willing to discuss, he was never the first to enter the arena of polemic controversy, or of religious disputation. Nor though his own religious convictions were deep and earnest, did they impart aught of asceticism or gloom to his disposition, nor did he permit those convictions in any direction, to restrict his vision, or limit the scope of his investigations. Buoyant, cheerful and fearless, he believed that nature and revelation were but the co-ordinate parts of one symmetrical whole, and that this, study and research must finally and fully establish, and he neither faltered nor shrank from investigation because of apparent present result, or possible consequences. It was in this spirit also that he grappled with those great problems that press upon us all, and that in every age, and among all people, have commanded the attention of the most subtle metaphysicians, of the profoundest philosophers. Those great questions in which the object of a creation, the purposes and the destiny of man were involved, Professor Norton's nature and his training alike invested with the most profound interest. In this investigation, his active mind had ranged over, and embraced alike, those systems of philosophy that come to us with feeble and doubtful rays from the first dawnings of tradition, and the new and bold speculations that were born but of yesterday. Like the warrior of Homeric fame he asked but for light, and from whatever source it came, he bade it welcome. With the social problems of the day he was equally earnest, and equally able. Whether society was indeed organized upon the best possible basis, he did not hesitate either to discuss or to question, and while he admitted the evils, and foresaw the convulsions through which the remedy might come, with an abiding faith in humanity, and in the purposes of an All Wise Ruler, he felt and knew, that beyond the clouds, the darkness and the tempests of the day, or of the future, the march of humanity would be found to have been ever onward and upward.

It was not however in the discussion of purely moral, or social problems, that Professor Norton was most or best known. Of a singularly inquiring nature, no field of possible attainment was left unexplored, no fact by which men might be instructed or advanced, passed unquestioned. If in all this varied research there was one subject more than another congenial to his mind, it was perhaps that of natural philosophy, the contemplation of those laws of mechanics which man strives to utilize for his own purposes, and those vast powers, which, acting through measureless periods and boundless space, guide and control the movements of the universe. In these investigations, alike of the majestic and the minute, he ever delighted. It was of nature and her laws, ever and in everything infinite, that he was the tireless seeker and searcher, alike inquiring and fearless, whether the fields he traversed were the confines of

space, those vast abysses, where the vapor mists but shadowed forth the birth of future systems, and of worlds yet to be, or the infusorial host that the microscope gave in the drop of turbid water. Each, and all alike, his eager mind laid under contribution. From each and all he returned, laden with the rich tribute paid to his exactions.

I have said he was greedy only for knowledge, that there he was omnivorous, insatiate and exacting, and this is so; but his was not the greed of the miser, who but acquires that he may retain, or even of the scholar, who learns that he may know. Whatever of labor, of toil, or of research Professor Norton may have expended in acquiring, he was equally lavish and prodigal in bestowing upon others, and he gathered with tireless industry but that he might the more liberally scatter abroad. Few indeed there are to whom the talent entrusted by the Master has been returned with more of usury than in the rendered stewardship we now deplore.

It has been by many thought, perhaps by some said, that had he been less universal in his efforts, had he confined his labors to some single branch of science, or of knowledge, he might have accomplished more. Perhaps in the achievement of individual fame, or personal aggrandizement, this might have been so. There lies upon the outskirts of the domain of knowledge a realm of obscurity and of doubt, which it is vouchsafed but to the favored few to enter. To the mass of mankind of every generation, this is, and ever must be, a *terra incognita*. Within, far within this line, are the hungry hosts that are to be instructed and fed, and here, he who would teach most, as well as best, must take his stand. This was the field of Professor Norton's most assiduous labors. He knew that it was to the multitudes that were by the Sea of Galilee, and not to a favored few, that the loaves and fishes were distributed, and to him, to do the most, was to do the greatest good. It has been said, and deploringly, that had he been more considerate of himself, he might have been yet spared to us; that it was by constant, and unremitting toil this life so priceless has been ended. That this is so, it is not given to us to know. Fate and destiny meet us in places we cannot foresee, and upon paths we may not avoid. Could we indeed have full assurance that with less of labor there had been more of life, could we know that it was indeed the harness of the warrior that crushed the soldier, the toil and labor of the strife that had brought this ending, why should we mourn this as a cause? Life and its best achievements are not the mere measurement of years, or the prolongation of an existence. Weigh in the scale of less than fifty years the toils, the efforts, the accomplishments of this man; the much that he has done, the much by precept and example he has encouraged others in doing. Compare this with the record of the Patriarch of the world, and judge which is the largest, the fullest, aye, the longest life.

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died."

I have spoken longer than I had purposed, and yet far less than the occasion invites, and I hasten to conclude. It is fitting that to this life, whose every utterance was an instruction, whose every thought an aspiration, its every purpose a beneficence, this tribute should be bestowed. That within these walls, which yet echo to his voice, still speak his presence, these honors should be paid. That by the community that witnessed his labors, and knew his worth, this sad but grateful recognition of his merit should be bestowed. And that in his own loved "Skyland," with a mountain for his mausoleum and the ocean at his feet, with the winds and the sea chanting in eternal melody his requiem, with his own good deeds as a monument, heaped high upon his grave, the little of such a life that can die be laid to rest forever.

ADDRESS.

HON. L. ARCHER.

(On behalf of the Trustees of the Normal School.)

Mine was not the good fortune, ladies and gentlemen, to have been so intimately associated with Professor Norton, or to have enjoyed so close and delicate relationship with him as many of you had as associate teachers, pupils and near neighbors. It did come in my way, however, to hear, many times, from many of his scholars, of his patience, unselfishness and efficiency as an instructor, and expressions of heart-felt gratitude for his many kindnesses, and laterly, as one of the Board of Trustees, I have had an opportunity of knowing the very high estimate in which he was held, not only by the Trustees, but also by the Faculty of the State Normal School. From these, and from my own casual acquaintance with the Professor, I feel warranted in echoing all the words of commendation which have been uttered by the preceding speakers. For that alone I came to this hall this afternoon, and not with the expectation of making a set speech. You will indulge me, however, in giving expression to a few thoughts suggested by the occasion. Without doubt our deceased friend was a remarkable, we may say extraordinary man. Endowed with a high order of talent by nature, he became, through long, patient and laborious study a learned man, and might well have aspired to occupy, as the world would say, a higher and more pretentious position. He elected, however, to let his light shine upon youthful minds in the school room, to instruct the masses in the lecture room, and to disseminate his fixed principles of morality and religion from the pulpit. In discharging his self-imposed duties in these capacities he was ever faithful and efficient, and his whole life was characterized by firmness in his own honest convictions, and at the same time by charity and liberality towards

his fellow men. He died as he had lived, in the earnest performance of his life work, without the tinge of malice towards any human being and without any known enemy in the world. Such a life, with such a character, unadorned by any drapery other than his good works, is grander and more beautiful than sculptor ever wrought from marble, painter ever spread on canvas, or poet ever wove into verse. These are at best the works of imperfect man, but the statue of such a life as Professor Norton's, as it exists in the memory of his fellows, and as it will be seen by posterity, is the work of God. Such an intellect, with such powers of application and thirst for knowledge, such unselfishness, can only come from the hand of the Creator. You have heard the beautiful expression, that "no one is ever dead so long as he is remembered by his friends." In regard to Professor Norton as a teacher, we may say that he can never die. Having faithfully, truly and honestly prepared his pupils, with all the arts for efficient teaching, and having stored their minds with all the knowledge, rudimental, scientific and literary, necessary for their profession, and sent them out in the world with his own noble example before them as an admonition to do as he had done, they and their pupils, and their pupils' pupils, will thus carry on his good work to remotest generations. Such is a glorious immortality, only less than the immortality and identity of the soul, in which he so firmly believed. "Take him all in all" he was a model man in his sphere and condition. Though he may not have amassed a fortune to leave, he has left a proud inheritance to his children, who may well say: "My father was a true man and lived a useful life." Though we, the Trustees of the Normal School, would not say, in the language of the poet, "Nature formed but one such man, and broke the die in moulding," yet it will be fortunate for us, for the faculty, and for the pupils of the school, if we shall be able to find one competent and willing to fill his place.

CHORUS.

"Cast Thy Burden on the Lord."

READING.

PROFESSOR KNOWLTON.

Poem; "His Everlasting Memorial," by Horatio Bonar, adapted to its present use by Professor Knowlton.

PAPER.

MISS MAMIE ADAMS.

(On behalf of the Alumni.)

We, the Alumni of the school, meeting to-day in our old home, feel a peculiar sense of loss and desolation, for we miss from our circle the loved presence of our teacher, our friend, our inspirer. In far distant counties of the State, the absent ones of our number are, at this hour, with us in spirit, to join in this memorial service. But, though we meet with heavy hearts, let us dwell, as we know he would wish us to, on the bright happy memories of our school-days. Recall for a moment your first meeting with this noble man, his genial kindness, his tender consideration of the loneliness and homesickness of a new pupil. Then the happy thoughts that charmed in the first lesson, the feeling of wonder that time-worn subjects could take so charming a form.

Through him our eyes were first opened to the beauties, the mysteries that nature unfolds on every hand. Life in all its forms appealed to us in a new, a more noble light. Through him we learned to study this "Great Book." Each tiny insect and leaf and stone, the very air we breathe, taught its lesson, not of science only, but of the plan and purpose and love of the Creator.

It was he who illustrated the stages in our own life by the life of a dragon fly; groping its early way in darkness, then passing to the brief rest of the chrysalis, and finally bursting all bonds to become a perfect being, the embodiment of joyous life.

We, his pupils, shall ever treasure the memory of his beautiful, his noble character, shown day by day in the school-room. Memories of brilliant thought, of charming illustration, of delightful humor, with a deep undercurrent of exact, profound knowledge, crowd thick upon us. His hours spent in the school-room are a part of his life that belongs to us; devoted to our advancement, our happiness, our higher nature. His great loving heart had room for us all. He never forgot his old pupils, though new faces and new minds claimed his daily attention. The warm kindly greeting, the word of encouragement or advice was ever ready. To many a weary, disheartened teacher, his cheering words, his noble example of sweet charity to all, have been the "Right Arm of Strength." No one ever came from his presence empty-handed. It mattered not how foreign to his daily work the question, he responded to every call willingly, heartily, from the grand storehouse of a memory, crowded by his unceasing study and research.

His genial sympathetic nature, made us all feel that we had in him a friend. Thank God for the blessing of his acquaintance, for the rare privilege of companionship with such a spirit. His life on earth is not ended, and cannot be so long as there lives a pupil who listened to his words of wisdom, of truth, of right. The children of this land, those even who never looked

upon his face, shall feel in their lives the influence of his life work. God grant us strength to work out the lessons he has left us. May his life be to us all an inspiration so to live that we may again be with him in that higher home of light, and beauty, and peaceful happiness.

How fittingly these words, so often on his lips, picture his life with us and in the home beyond:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

ADDRESS.

PRINCIPAL C. H. ALLEN.

(On behalf of the Teachers and Pupils of the Normal School.)

Thirty years ago, in Western Pennsylvania, I was called upon to pronounce a eulogy upon the life of a man, who, like Professor Norton, had filled a large place in the hearts of all who knew him. A man who, at that time, was one of the best whom I had ever known. I visited his family for facts, and inspiration. During the first hour of the visit I took from his library a volume which opened at these words: "If the world knew the value of a good man, it would hedge him in with pearls."

The thought and manner of expression were so peculiarly fitting to the occasion, that they were made the subject, or text, of what I had to say.

And for all the thirty intervening years, until to-day, I have never found fitting occasion, nor been tempted to use the words again. I have known many good men, but none so pre-eminently deserving the title of "The Good Man," as was he whose virtues we commemorate in the present assembling.

In behalf of the Faculty and Pupils of the School, it falls to my lot to say a few words, expressing our appreciation of, and love for him, our friend and former companion. I never before felt so fully the utter feebleness of words. Almost every word or expression of esteem or affection seems commonplace, when applied to show our feelings toward Professor Norton.

To show why these feelings are what they are, it will not be out of place that, as briefly as possible, I shall sketch his connection with the school, and his work while one of our number. In December, 1874, the Normal School having outgrown the rooms that it then occupied in the basement of the old building, it was resolved to seat the large assembly hall, corresponding to

this, and at the same meeting I was instructed, by the Board of Trustees, to seek out a suitable man to take a place as assistant teacher in the school. After a somewhat extensive correspondence, basing my judgment upon replies received from eminent educators, I selected, and at the next meeting of the Board recommended the election of Henry B. Norton, to the position. The letters bearing upon the subject were burned in the old building. One, which I have clearly in mind, from the Hon. Newton Bateman, formerly State Superintendent of Illinois, was so exact a portraiture of Professor Norton, as we all knew him, that it seemed almost a prophecy of what he was to be to us.

He was, upon these letters and my recommendation, elected on the 25th day of March, 1875. He accepted the position, and reported for duty in June following, at or near the opening of the year's school. Those of us who were here, well remember the half-disappointment we felt when he first appeared among us, and I am sure we more clearly remember the sudden change of feeling that came as we began to know the *man*. He at once won a place in the school, and that place has from year to year, yes, from day to day, grown to be larger and more important for all these ten years.

To us, with whom he was so intimately associated, he was at once fellow-worker, friend, counsellor, brother. To the pupils, teacher, friend, guide, and example. Ever genial and warm hearted, cheerful even when duties were most severe, yet never failing to show those deeper feelings which come from fullest sympathy with all humanity. He was the most heplful man I have ever known, and his very presence in the school was an inspiration.

As a scholar, he had few equals. A most diligent student, with a love for knowledge that impelled him to master even the very secrets of nature, his field of research was as wide as the field of human knowledge; his tastes so pure and delicate that he seemed almost instinctively to turn to those things that ministered to his higher growth, and so broad that he read with almost equal interest a fairy tale written for children, or a discourse upon the most abstruse points in metaphysics. His memory was almost phenomenal. Nothing of importance ever seemed to be forgotten. In one of the letters to which I have referred, it was said that, in Illinois, he had won the appellation of a walking cyclopedia. As teachers, we know how well he deserved the complimentary title. When all other sources of knowledge failed, we had a last resort, "ask Professor Norton." And how seldom we came away empty-handed. His many-sided intellectual powers grasped everything, from the minute bacteria and microbe, to the dead worlds of the universe. I have never before known a man with acquirements so broad, so varied, and so available for public good.

As a teacher, he was a model to us all. Apt in any department, and ever ready to take whatever might be assigned, his power was such, that when he

breathed upon the dry bones of any subject, they became instinct with life. Yet what he taught his pupils from the text books was of far less value than what he did for them by his life and manner. He inspired them with a love for study, and the impulses here given have gone out with the many hundreds he has taught, and they shall go on forever. Who dare predict how much given to the children of to-day, to reappear in the future of California, has come from his life and teachings.

As a teacher he loved his work. And we are happy and proud to believe, that in this school, and with us as his associates, it was entirely congenial. Twice, during the past four years, other positions were tendered to, and urged upon Professor Norton. One the Presidency of a prominent college, and one the charge of one of the best and most popular schools on this coast. These were undoubtedly promotions, and they had affixed to them greater pecuniary compensation than that received here. He chose to remain with us, because he fully appreciated the magnitude of the work in which he was engaged, and because he was so fully satisfied with his surroundings. We *should* be proud of this. To be worthy of working with such a man is no empty honor. It remains for us to show that we are worthy of the honor, and by our future life and works, that we have profited by the noble example of the glorious life that has gone out from among us.

I cannot refrain from saying a few words of Professor Norton as a man. Our relations were such, in school and in business life, that there are few who could have known him as I did. First, as fitting him peculiarly for his life work, he was pure. Never, in all these years, did I see an action or hear a word that seemed to be born of an impure feeling or a wicked thought. He was eminently just. It needed only to show that a thing was right, and you could know what he would think, and what he would do. In all our business relations, there was never word or suggestion that did not come from the highest convictions of an honorable, Christian man. He was charitable; charitable in a much broader sense than in giving alms of earthly things. If one erred, his countenance showed more of pity than of anger. Humble in his own heart, he received and gave credit for every suggestion from others, however widely it might differ from his own opinions.

And these three qualities, purity, justice and charity, tempered by his abounding good will to all, are what gave him his wonderful hold upon the affections, even of his mere acquaintances. No higher eulogy could be pronounced than that which might be made by collecting the expressions of grief and affection from the people of this State, when the news of his death first reached them. From the toiling Chinaman, laboring in his fields, and who paid his tribute by saying with saddened countenance, "He heap good man," to the highest in authority, all have in thought and word paid their tribute to his worth.

But, my friends, why needs it to multiply words; the memorial to such a life is in the hearts of all who feel its worth.

And the earthly life has passed away. In the cold gray dawn, just as the first tinge of light, foretelling the coming morn, shot across the sky, the fingers of death began to close around his life threads. And when the glorious sun had pierced and lifted up the mists, flooding the mountain tops with light, his pure spirit, loosed from its earthly fetters, took its flight to the great, beautiful, beyond, toward which he looked with such certain faith, and for which, sometimes, he so anxiously longed.

It was a peaceful, but a glorious death. As became a faithful servant and soldier, and as I would die, he fell asleep with his armor on, and in the sure confidence of a bright awakening to a better day.

Tenderly the mortal part of our friend was laid to rest, in the simplest manner, comporting with his life and tastes, and in full accordance with his own directions. The little mound, where the words, "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes" were spoken, will long be a shrine where those who are striving to emulate his noble life will form new resolutions and find new inspirations. His lasting requiem will be sung by the winds of the great Pacific, as they sweep across his quiet resting place.

But he, the true man, lies not there. He now lives, where all mysteries are solved, where those things that look so strange and contradictory to us here, are, in the light of the great love of our Heavenly Father, made plain. There he awaits us, and may we not hope, one day, when wearied with the toils, cares, and pleasures of life, to meet him there, and again to be cheered and strengthened, as we have so often been here, by the touch of his loving hand.

READING.

MISS JESSICA B. THOMPSON.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;

Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss ;
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends ! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul has passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from those splendid stars.
Loving friends ! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone ;
The shell is broken, it lies there ;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him ; let it lie !
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store !

Allah glorious ! Allah good !
Now thy world is understood ;
Now the long, long wonder ends ;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you ; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you ;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends ! Yet not farewell ;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept ;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.

Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain ;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above,
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home !
La Allah illa Allah ! yea !
Thou love divine ! Thou love alway !

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

Memorial Services in Pacific Grove,

MONTEREY, CAL.

INTRODUCTORY.

MRS. M. H. FIELD.

Aside from his home, his church, and the Normal School, nowhere was Professor Norton's death more deeply felt than by the Chautauqua Society. He was one of its founders on this coast in 1879, has been always an active member of its executive committee, and at each of its Summer Assemblies, with a single exception, has been present and furnished his ever valuable assistance. Every year the managers have felt that if they could secure his name upon the programme, it would go far toward assuring a successful Assembly, for no name gave such promise of popular instruction and entertainment, no name drew so many hearts with that subtle force known as personal magnetism.

The programme of the present year was, as usual, made attractive by his name and the promise of his grand lecture upon "*The Knights of the Temple*," a lecture which all who had heard knew to be replete with historical interest, and thrilling with vivid incident and description. They looked forward with undiminished pleasure to a second hearing of its beautiful and pathetic delineations of the great religious crusades of the 12th century, and of the beginnings upon the island of Malta of the great system of hospital work which has culminated in our modern philanthropies. They could never tire of seeing the picture drawn by this master hand of those tragic wars, with their attendant train of miseries, and then the blossoming of the white lilies of peace and charity out of this blood-red soil; while those who had never heard the lecture, anticipated a rare pleasure. The Secretary had been assured by Professor Norton that he would be present during the first week of the Assembly, and the President, Dr. Stratton, knowing this, and being unusually burdened with other cares, ventured to write to Professor Norton about the middle of June, and to ask him to preside over the sessions of the first week. His usual generous affirmative reply reached Dr. Stratton within an hour of the overwhelming announcement of his sudden death.

The Assembly met under a sombre sky. The pines of Monterey murmured a mournful requiem. The sea, which he had loved so well, and by which he

had so often walked and talked to eager listeners, seemed infinitely desolate. The great problems of life and death and eternity confronted one on every hand. Friends met and shook hands in tearful silence. The common grief was uppermost in every heart, and almost paralyzed effort. The tall, well known figure, the kind, beautiful face, the warm, friendly hand-grasp, the great, sympathetic, brotherly heart, were gone from the familiar places and the aching void alone remained—nay, not alone. Faith stood there, with uplifted hand, to tell of an immortal hope.

Memorial services were held on Tuesday P. M., July 7. The hall in the grove was beautifully decorated with cypress, pine, and ivy. The platform from which he had so often eloquently spoken seemed a garden of lovely ferns and white flowers, from the midst of which arose an exquisite cross of white marguerites and lilies, the ever precious symbol of suffering and redeeming love. Other beautiful emblems were represented in flowers; among them a sickle of immortelles with a garnered sheaf of golden grasses. The hall was filled with a strangely sympathetic audience, and a hush of almost audible silence pervaded the room. The order of exercises was:

MUSIC—Contralto Solo, "Jesus Lover of My Soul."
PRAYER—Rev. Dr. Bentley.
MUSIC—Anthem.
ADDRESS—Dr. Anderson, Santa Cruz.
ADDRESS—Prof. Blackmar, San Jose.
POEM—Mrs. Dryden, Gilroy.
MUSIC—Solo, "Flee as a Bird."
ADDRESS—Rev. C. W. Hill, San Jose.
ADDRESS—Maj. H. C. Dane.
POEM—Joel Bean, San Jose.
REMARKS—Rev. Dr. Stratton.
MUSIC—Hymn of Trust.
READING—"He who died at Azan," by Miss Jessica Thompson.
BENEDICTION.

The addresses were personal tributes, and were full of eulogy, but no one felt that there was one word too much. All hearts were moved beyond expression.

The music was rendered with profound feeling, although by persons who had never known Professor Norton. One of the quartette choir was quite overpowered with emotion, while the pianist said afterward that, although she was professionally familiar with funeral services, she could scarcely control her nerves sufficiently to perform her part, the service seemed to her so wonderfully spiritual, the voicing of a universal grief and yet full of sublime trust and submission. It was indeed not like a burial but a resurrection. One solemn, joyful faith pervaded all hearts,—

> "There must be nobler work for him to do
> Who was so good and true."

ADDRESS.

C. L. ANDERSON, M. D.

I propose to speak of Professor Norton with reference to his life as a man of science—more especially in the department of Natural History. My acquaintance with him began some eight or nine years ago. Of course I cannot say much from personal knowledge, because we only met from time to time. It was generally at school institutes, or at this Grove, that I met him, sometimes on the railroad train, passing back and forth from his mountain home to San Jose; only once or so in his school room at the Normal School.

Every one who rides a hobby, whether for pleasure or business, is apt to be a little sensitive, at least interested, if some other one, especially an unknown person, comes riding across his path. Such was the case with Professor Norton and myself. At a school institute I found him on what I thought was my own track, a place where our paths came together. But we were not, as specialists are sometimes, ready to pick flaws and find fault with each other. He frankly and cordially imparted what he knew, and then placed himself in the position of a genial companion and graceful seeker after knowledge. I have seldom met any one who could be more joyous and thankful in the reception of knowledge than Henry B. Norton; nor any one who seemed to enjoy the imparting of that knowledge to others with greater zest and kindlier feeling.

He was certainly not of that class of scholars who, like barren sands, "Imbibe the shower, yet bring forth neither fruit or flower." He grew strong and rich in knowledge by constantly and liberally enriching others from his great and increasing store. He was not a miser, hoarding up and never using. Although not deeply learned in all the branches of science which he taught, he had a ready and happy faculty of grasping in a very short time the essential features of almost any subject pertaining to natural science, whether of microscopic nature, physical laws, or of the cosmic bodies only reached with the telescope. Plant life, so far as I know, seldom engaged his attention; but with the different and complicated forces of animal life, he was quite familiar. He had a good practical knowledge of chemistry; and in manipulation and experiment he was remarkably successful. With the physical history of our earth, its geology, and especially its geography, he was a recognized authority. But it is needless to enumerate the many branches of knowledge in Natural Science which he taught and in which he excelled.

But what was of no less importance, his audience and his pupils readily understood him, whatever his subject might be. Whilst he was well informed, as I am told, in poetry, in literature, in history, in theology, and could, and often did, discourse on these subjects, to the great advantage of his hearers, his power over all was largely due, I am convinced, to his intimate and close communings with physical nature. His mode of instruction was not so much speculative, or knowledge in the abstract, as by practical illustration.

And so, like a wise and prudent husbandman, he went forth sowing the seeds of useful knowledge in the very best of soil. It was useful knowledge—no weeds of a poisonous character to spring up and spoil the harvest. And now, in the summer time of his life, comes the invitation from his Father's house to leave his body, so often weary with the toils and cares of this world, and enter into a period of rest and enjoyment. The seed is sown, the harvest is ripening, and in that summer and fruitful land, our friend, whose memory we commemorate to-day, with sad and bleeding hearts, stands in immortal dress, in that kingdom of Heaven, towards which we are all hastening and which we some day hope to reach.

On the Santa Cruz mountains, overlooking this lovely bay and picturesque surroundings, his mortal remains are deposited, resting on that spot of Nature, among the trees and in the center of such charms of beauty as he could so well appreciate. He laid him down and fell asleep after life's fitful fever. But all over this wide land, the real and ever-present Henry Brace Norton still lives, and ever will live, in the hearts and minds of the innumerable multitude of those who knew him and will some day follow him to that land of more than earthly beauty—to that home eternal in the heavens. And then, if we must mourn—and we cannot help it—is there not much comfort in the contemplation of a life so happy, so fruitful of good things? May we not rather be glad that he has gone beyond the "vale of tears" into a land of happy sunshine; and that, although he may not come to us again, we may, through the grace of the Great Redeemer, some day go where he is; for that must be a goodly country.

ADDRESS.

PROF. FRANK BLACKMAR.

I never lay down a book which portrays the character and deeds of a great man, without wonder at the achievements of a single individual. I never study the life of a great and truly good man, without feelings of admiration and reverence. And I approach the preface only of the great unprinted volume of the life of Henry B. Norton, with humility and reverence—with a reverence which voices the sentiment, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." If his character was not divine, it was divinely fashioned and his spirit divinely inspired. He was great because he saw and felt the needs of the people, and met those needs even with his life; he was truly good because he followed the convictions of a clear, educated mind, a delicately tuned conscience, and a pure sympathetic heart.

The source of his greatness, and his goodness also, for they were one, seemed to rest in his communion with the Father, and his sincere love for

his brother men. The secret of his influence seemed to lie largely in the force of his earnest Christian life. One of the great needs of the youth of to-day is the force of Christian example—something that lives and touches their lives. Few have the power to vitalize their belief and render tangible their lives. Many persons have excellent creeds, and live, as far as the world knows, pure, upright lives, but as an eminent divine once said, 'they carry their religion as a church carries its bell, high up in the belfry, to ring out on Sundays and special occasions, but the rest of the time they are cold and silent.' This man's creed and life were one, and by this unity he touched the lives of others, and they were moved. He met every day life with the constant glow of an illumined soul. He penetrated the minds and inspired the natures of others. He was ever ready to teach and to help. Said one of his former students to me, "I never saw him vexed or disturbed at untimely questions." There were no questions too small for him to answer, none too great for his consideration. He always sympathized with and encouraged the needy. His whole life was a "gospel of good will," attuned to the harmony of the beautiful, the good and the true, in nature and in divinity. And these are not mere sentiments suited to this occasion; they have been household words during the years in which he walked among us. As in life, so in death, there is not one to find fault. This is quite remarkable when we consider his powerful, active mind, seeking and penetrating everywhere after truth, when we think of the thousands of students before whom his life was laid bare, of the hundreds of educators with whom he came in contact, of the multitudes who listened to his words, of the people to whom he ministered; when we consider all this, it is quite remarkable that there is not one voice of censure.

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Personally I never had the pleasure of much of the society of Professor Norton. He was usually hurrying to some duty in one direction, and I in another. But there was something in the quick, sympathetic glance of the eye, and the warm grasp of the hand that were more than sermons—more than volumes to me. It was the hail and God-speed of a great ship on the sea of life, given to a small barque. As an educator, I have known and thought much of him. He was a constant, untiring student. He was a ripe scholar. He was always conveying to his pupils the idea that there were vast stores yet untouched, reserved for an emergency. His mind, like a magnet, drew the gems of truth and beauty from earth and sea and sky. "Touched by his hand the wayside weed became a flower;" the rude clod glowed with beauty; the sleeping hills were made to recite the story of their existence, and the elements to unfold the science of "World-Building." He pored over the history of other times and other men, and brought the choicest thoughts to enrich our own generation. He peered into the depths of modern society, and drew forth therefrom lessons for statesmen and scholars. He taught the young to observe and cherish the truth of this our modern life,

and to avoid its shams. As an instructor, he transcended all text books, and creeds, and dogmas, and by a native genius, presented the subject in hand with such clearness, earnestness, and force, that he inspired the minds of his pupils and fired their hearts with new desires. He always allowed the truth to rest on its own merit. Free from contention, and strife, and rivalry, he presented what he knew in a plain, straightforward manner, and that was enough. He waited for results, and they came as he hurried on to larger work.

I remember one morning in the summer of 1882, his discourse on a species of the octopus, on the beach at Pacific Grove, in the presence of a large number of students, teachers and friends. With patient industry he explained the form and parts, external and internal, and gave a graphic description of the functions, life, habits, and history of this wonderful creature. At the close of the lesson, he recited in a mournful, almost pathetic tone, that rare poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the "Chambered Nautilus."

> "This is the ship of pearl that poets feign
> Sails the unshadowed main," etc.

Is it too personal to say that, while Henry B. Norton was seeking to build up, and establish the character of others, he was each year leading his own soul into larger temples, until at last the soul left its out-grown shell by "life's unresting sea?" His place in society can be filled by no one. Years may only heal the wound, while the scar still remains upon the heart of society, ever reminding of its great loss. The great compensation is that the thousands who have been inspired by his life may take up his work and his thoughts where he left them, and carry them out in other forms, until a grand harmony of influence shall follow him as he moves through other realms.

LINES.

By Mrs. S. H. Dryden.

* * * * * * * *

Was it the heavy task of life
  Became a weary load,
That his feet had grown so tired
  Only half way up the road?
That with hand and brain he faltered
  At the golden set of sun,
And the morning came to tell us
  His work for us was done?

We know his soul's deep longings
  Found here no answering sound,
That he struggled for the meaning
  Of the life by which we're bound;

And would fain with soul uplifted,
Draw aside the darkened veil,
To read the unexpressed—
Nature's mysterious tale.

But beyond the narrow boundaries
Of this earth life, he will find
All that he knew of nature, was
As raised letters to the blind,
And with Spirit eyes made stronger
With the glory of that day,
He will read the page of nature,
With the mists all cleared away.

* * * * * * *

O ! life beyond the mortal,
Pure, holy, and sublime ;
Shall we reach thy golden portal
When we pass the bounds of time?
Shall we gaze with eyes unhindered
On the beauty of thy shore ?
And clasp the hands of loved ones
To be parted never more ?

ADDRESS.

MAJOR H. C. DANE.

No man ever gave to the world the best and richest of his soul. Very few have ever been able to give their best, even to their most intimate friends. That joy was mine in connection with him whose memory fills this sad hour. My acquaintance with Professor Norton was of short duration ; it extended over only three years, yet from the first it assumed a very intimate and tender character, and during it we came very close together. I remember well how our first interview was filled with the details of our early lives, and how there were great similarities in struggles, trials, disappointments over our small successes. And from that day forward we were very intimate, withholding, I think, nothing from each other. Many times has he said, and written to me, that he had never opened his soul so freely to any other, and I can say the same in regard to myself toward him. I knew him well, and loved him better than any other man. He was good, he was noble, he was true, he was pure. His moral perceptions were of the highest order. Many of our hours were spent in discussing what are termed advanced principles in moral philosophy, and I have never heard another man advance principles so high and pure as did he. He was true and steadfast to all his friends, kind and gentle to all humanity, and mildly firm regarding his convictions. I never stood face to face with

him without feeling that I was very near to the divine. He was full of the divine.

And he was a great man. He was much greater than the Normal School ever thought, he was far greater than the State knew, he was infinitely greater than the world ever dreamed. He was in communication with the master minds of science in Europe, and fed his classes from these sources, gathering his supplies fresh from the parent stocks. Little did his pupils ever dream what they were receiving, he was so modest and unassuming; and very few ever knew the real extent and depth of his clear knowledge, in which he was far beyond most of those who delved in the same fields of nature.

As a teacher he was wonderful, and I think I may say with propriety that I never saw another teacher who could impart, and implant to have retained, so much in one hour as could he. He seemed to stamp his ideas into the minds of his pupils to have them live there forever. And he had a very happy faculty of always educating the soul with the intellect.

And, my friends, I cannot feel that his work was fully done. When a few days since I took up a paper in Los Angeles and read that he had passed beyond my reach, the rusty iron entered my soul. I felt as though half my sky had passed into eternal night. I felt then, as I feel now, that it was not right. I felt that he could not be spared; I felt that the schools needed him, that the State needed him, that humanity needed him, for he fed and filled the minds and souls of everyone who came within reach of his direct influence, as very few have been able to, and he filled a space no one will or can take.

And his work was not done This I know. He had great ambitions which he desired to see carried out. He had been gathering for years material for works he hoped he might leave behind him to bless the world. He desired to spiritualize science, and all who were blessed with a familiar acquaintance with him know how well he was qualified for that glorious work, for the results of which the world is now waiting.

But he has gone from us, struck down in a day, and we cannot, if we would, call him back. When I knew that terrible fact, I felt that I could not come to this grove, but upon finding a letter from the Secretary on my return to San Francisco, I was reminded how my dear friend and brother would chide me, could he speak. I knew he would say, "You are not to stop; you may not lay down your arms because I have fallen. Buckle on the armor, and keep your place in the line. The victory must be won. You are not to be idle because I am not there. The work must be done, and you must do your share."

I came, but I miss him, all miss him, and his vacant place is an awful opening in the ranks. We must not repine, but keep in our places and do our best, thanking God that we ever knew him. Yes, let us thank God for such a man; thank Him for his life, thank Him for his character, thank Him for his example, thank Him for his manhood, and for his womanhood, for he possessed enough of the womanhood to make his a perfect manhood.

POEM.

JOEL BEAN.

The tolling bells of San Jose
  Ne'er sounded sadder knell;
All California mourns to-day
  A Prince in Israel.

Our thoughts are with the funeral train
  Upon the mountain crest;
Our hearts are smitten with their pain
  Who lay him to his rest.

Beloved of every class and creed,
  Amid the sin and strife,
He walked "an Israelite indeed;"
  A lofty, stainless life.

His form familiar on the street
  Was ours by common claim;
Where'er our choicest circles met,
  His was a welcome name.

Our Youth he safely led the way
  O'er learning's steeps and heights,
Where many venturing go astray,
  Without such beacon lights.

In the great battle with the wrong,
  The hosts of God maintain,
The strong with him became more strong,
  The faint took heart again.

His fellow men 'twas his to serve
  With mind and heart and will,
Our souls with stronger faith to nerve,
  With larger hope to fill.

O friend and brother! in our need,
  How can we spare so soon
A life so rich in word and deed,
  Just rounded to its noon.

But hushed be every plaint and fear,
  The summons was in love,
This sudden mandate to appear
  At the King's court above.

The summit where his armor fell,
  Bathed in the upper air,
O'er western slope and ocean swell,
  Looked out on sunsets fair.

But it was at the break of day,
When from this glorious height,
This mount of Nebo, called away,
His spirit took its flight.

Let those conducted by his hand
Up this life's wilderness,
To skirt a better, promised land,
Pass over, and possess.

ADDRESS.

REV. C. C. STRATTON.

After the appreciative and thoughtful addresses which have preceded, I shall remark upon but one point additional to those already treated. One cannot fail to note the profound impression produced by the death of our departed friend. His burial services deeply affected many leading men. They were followed by services of special interest at the Normal School. Many churches in San Jose, Gilroy, Oakland, and elsewhere, where he had lectured or preached, honored themselves in honoring his memory. Here we devote a special session to the same end. What is the cause of this deep impression? It cannot be found in the suddenness of the event: others have died as suddenly; nor in the fact that he fell in the full tide of life and labor: others have fallen while their sun was at high noon. It cannot be attributed solely to his ability and attainments, though these commanded the respect of the public and the admiration of his friends. Beyond mere intellectual endowments he possessed a genial nature, warm human sympathies, and evinced an interest in every question relating to the elevation and welfare of his race. As he traveled a good deal, in response to frequent calls for his services abroad, I used to meet him frequently on the trains, and I always regarded these occasions as hours of high privilege. After a familiar and always kindly greeting, he would sit in the most easy, careless way, almost always with the air of one a little overworked, and some literary, scientific, social, or religious question would at once be started—social and religious subjects generally predominated; and from that hour every ordinary topic was lost to view. His kindly nature won everybody at once, but, beyond this, he possessed one of those fertile, stimulating minds which set everybody else to thinking and talking. On one of these rare occasions I remember a discussion of Homer's Troy and the explorations of Schliemann; on another, the phenomena of spiritism, and the residence of fact behind the fraud; again, the social evil, or the temperance reform claimed attention, while the dominant chord running through every strain was the Christian religion and the outlook of the church. It was an intercourse like this which so

greatly impressed me, and led me to feel in his death a sense of personal loss. But what he was to me he was to many others; and, in proportion to the nearness of his personality, to all. Wherever his students are, there is to-day a sense of personal bereavement. Among all who have listened to his lucid exposition of scientific or religious questions, there is a conviction that the intellectual and moral world is poorer by his departure. The congregation which he served feel that they have lost a brother as well as pastor. The faculty, of which he was both an ornament and a pillar, will feel solitary without him. But it was not the electric brain merely, which enlightened while it thrilled; it was still more the great heart, which won men to himself, and then moved them to better lives and nobler deeds,—it was both of these elements combined, but the last more than the first, which so widely and so profoundly impressed men and left so large a sense of loss in his death.

Memorial Services at Gilroy, Cal.

From the "Gilroy Advocate."

On Sunday morning, June 28th, services in memory of Professor Henry Brace Norton, were held by the Congregational Society of this city. The room was draped in mourning, and flowers in appropriate designs decorated altar and walls. The large and thoughtful audience was evidently deeply impressed with the services, from the introductory reading of the scriptural selections to the closing benediction. The hymns were those used at the last service of the beloved pastor, and were singularly appropriate for the occasion.

The Rev. T. M. Oviatt offered a prayer, which gave full and comprehensive expression to the best thought and feeling of the worshipers, on the value of Professor Norton's exemplary life and public teaching.

The hymn was then sung by the choir and congregation, beginning:

"Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies."

The memorial sermon, by Rev. D. A. Dryden, was as follows:

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."—2 Cor. iv:18.

It is with unfeigned embarrassment that I venture to stand before you to-day in the place of that beloved form upon which you have so often looked, but which you will see no more. I feel that, instead of attempting to talk, it were fitter for us to sit in silent communion with the invisible, only through the too dense veil of the fleshhood, which wraps and obscures our inner vision. There come ever and anon to mortals in this world, times, conditions, when the things which are seen seem to vanish; when the most substantial pillars give way, and the whole fabric of life seems to fall. Then indeed it doth appear that the things which are seen, even the most cherished, are but temporal —mere shadows, liable at any moment to vanish away. Happy they who in such devastations can rise to the vision of the unseen, and sense the things eternal which lie back of these flitting shadows. Especially vivid is this experience when the visible form of a human life goes out, when all that is tangible to sense, of a dear friend or companion—of a distinguished man who stood as a pillar of strength, or filled a wide sphere of use in society—suddenly loses all vitality, sinks down in blank, motionless, voiceless collapse, and soon disappears forever, to be forgotten; such is the experience through which we

are passing with emphasis—especially you who are members of this society and congregation. One week ago to-day you came to your accustomed place of worship, expecting to look upon that familiar form and listen to that voice of instruction; but he was not here. Next morning came to you along the silent wire the startling dispatch, "He is dead." And ere this, all that was visible of Professor Norton has vanished. The sphere of life in the house, the church, the State, the school, which he filled so well, where he was seen and heard by so many, is vacant to-day.

From the standpoint of sense or sight his death seems untimely. He was yet in the prime of his years, had just reached the summit of life, with mental powers of a high order, thoroughly trained for work. Rich in mental stores of wealth, diligently gathered from every department of knowledge, science, and philosophy, he was just established in a sphere of usefulness where all his varied powers could be used to the highest good of others. And to this service he was singularly and unselfishly devoted. It does seem that the work of such a life was not done; that this sudden coming of death was not timely or orderly; that there ought yet to have been a score or more years for the continued growth of such powers and for their use in a grand work for humanity. But after all, what do we know about the times and seasons of this inscrutable mystery of life and death—a mystery which baffles all our plans and brings to nought all our philosophies? After all, how do we know but on the invisible plane, in the freer use of spiritual powers, this sudden fall and rising of our brother may give a mightier uplift to souls than a continued life on this material plane. It may be that his invisible spiritual presence here to-day, may draw us upward more mightily than would his bodily presence.

I do not feel moved to attempt any studied biography or eulogy of our departed brother. You know such an attempt would be out of harmony with his unselfish sensibilities. Besides, such a task can better be done by some of those who have known him in the wider circles of life. We are drawn together here to-day by the influence he has had upon us in the smaller circle in which he labored among us here, as a Christian teacher. And even here, no words can add anything to the record which he has left of himself upon the hearts of all who attended his teachings and met him in social life. Of these invisible influences he has built a monument which will remain while life and memory last.

I shall venture to speak of him only in the relations in which we knew him best, as a Christian man, thinker, and teacher. As a thinker I can speak from the knowledge of personal intercourse. He had yielded to the leadings of the spirit of truth, and the truth had made him free. In his search for it he went straight to the original foundations—God, nature, and the revealed word; fettered by no formula; recognizing no authority but a personal responsibility to the divine author of all truth himself. As a thinker, he

was in the truest sense, broad, free and catholic. He was familiar with the theologies, from the objective naturalism and literalism of Augustine and Calvin, to the subjective spiritual philosophy of Swedenborg. With all these he was neither combative nor controversial. Whatever could be used to convey truth to any mind he used, the rest he left behind. Into the great dominion of revealed and natural truth he looked, not so much at things that are seen, as things that are not seen. He was an idealist rather than a literalist or materialist. True, he studied diligently the letter of the revealed word; he was even profound in the material facts of natural science; but the letter of the revealed word was but the shadow of an inner, deeper, spiritual sense. Every fact in physical science had its unseen spiritual cause, pointing to the spiritual source of all causation. Instead of vainly speculating with the modern school of scientific materialists about the potencies of all life in matter, or journeying in the search for the material causation of all natural phenomena, he stood on the higher plane of science, the plane of spiritual causation, where all natural science must yet stand, or forever fail to give a true philosophy of nature. In all these dominions of truth and thought he entered untrammeled and free, with untiring industry, more than ordinary erudition, and I think with pre-eminent spiritual intuition. The unseen things of the spiritual realm were certainly not all invisible to him. With no small degree of the seer's vision he looked to the things unseen and eternal.

Of Professor Norton as a Christian man I need not speak. What he was, and what he did, are enough without words. In his relation as a Christian teacher, we have perhaps seen the unique side of this unique man. There could be but one Professor Norton, and there could surely be but one such preacher. Though preacher he was not, in a strictly ecclesiastical sense, he was essentially and pre-eminently a teacher. He was the servant of Christ rather than of an organization. His ministry was a service of love. And in this service I can safely say his controlling motives were a personal allegiance to Christ, an honest and earnest search for the truth, wherever it was to be found, and an unselfish love of serving others. And this love was boundless, reaching to every condition of humanity. No one could be long in his presence without feeling the magnetism of a benignant soul that could sympathize and help.

In the highest sense he was a Christian teacher—a modern scribe, discipled into the kingdom of heaven, bringing out of its rich treasury things new and old, and his teaching took a very wide range. In this he has been sometimes misunderstood and perhaps misjudged by ministers who are confined to more restricted modes of Gospel preaching, by their creed, vows, and doctrinal formulas of theology. He has been accused of preaching about mountains, lakes and rivers, earthquakes, bugs, and worms, instead of preaching the Gospel. In his view, the spiritual truths of revelation and the facts of nature were coins in the same treasury, coined from the same mint, each bearing the

same image and superscription of the one infinite author of all truth. In the facts of nature, he saw God's thoughts and art ideals, crystallized or ultimated in objective forms of mineral, vegetable, and animal life, infinite modes of manifestation and operation; while in revelation, were God's thoughts ultimated in logos or speech, each form of truth in its own order equally divine and essential to the highest physical, intellectual, and spiritual uplifting and salvation of God's children. Ever within the reach of his wide mental grasp was this vast treasury of spiritual and natural truth; ever before him, above, and within him, the boundless realm of things seen and unseen, from the infinite Creator to the most finite molecule. Into this vast realm, into this inexhaustible treasury, he entered reverently, but fetterless and free. Freely he received and freely he gave. Nor was his receiving or giving small. He had a wonderful variety of resource and an unusual facility of expression. And it does seem to me that if you who have had the benefit of his varied teachings for all these years have not been enlarged in your knowledge, ennobled in your thought, and helped up into higher and truer life, the fault has been with you rather than with the teacher and his teaching. But all is over now. The loved form of your teacher has suddenly vanished from your sight. His work is done. That kindly voice is silent. The things which were seen were temporal and are gone. What can we say of the things which are not seen? Have we any vision to pierce the veil of the invisible; is there nothing beyond?

Tell me, you materialist, who may scout at the invisible as myth or phantom, was that frail, weary, over-worked body all there was of that great and good man? As that lifeless decaying form was hid from sight in that chosen spot in Skyland, was all buried with it forever? What of that ever acting, thinking power within, those rich stores of knowledge, that mighty power of thought and reason, those far-reaching visions of the unseen spiritual, that overflowing love, those yearning up-reachings after the pure, the true, the good, the divine and Godlike—were all these but the secretions of an over active brain? And with that weary brain, have they all fallen into decay, buried in the earth or vanished into nothingness? I know not what you may think, but I do know that Professor Norton did realize that that weary body was not himself—was but the earthly house in which he was to live for a little while, the visible shadow of his real self, the physical organism through which he could but imperfectly manifest himself, that life, under these material conditions, is but the rudimentary or primary unfolding of a life which must reach its full development in the higher conditions of the spiritual realm. And to him this unseen realm was not shadowy but real; to him the consciousness of a continued, personal existence in a higher sphere was very real. Nor was that to be a life of dream, but of upward, onward growth, of useful work. It would seem if any one had reason to long for a heaven of rest, he had. But such was not his idea. His conception of life beyond was that of use, of work. How often in his prayers have you heard

the aspiration that we might so perform the task of life here as to be fitted for a higher work hereafter? Indeed we can be reconciled to the fitness of his untimely removal from such a sphere of usefulness as he occupied, only with the assurance that he was needed for some important use over there. Nor do I suppose that sphere of use will be entirely, or very far removed from this. Why should great and good souls, who have become a power for good to mortals here, be so far removed as to be useless there? I doubt not that in the descent of the angel spheres to up-lift and save this poor sinning, suffering world, and bring in the new and higher æon of the kingdom of Christ, there is need ever and anon to transfer workers from this side to that. So I believe it was with our departed; he was needed there even more than here. Thus we see that the invisible things are the real, the abiding. The body which is seen may drop off to be laid away on the mountain summit, but the real man rises to the sublimer view from the delectable mountains of the summer land. The external relations of life, like those of the departed to the family, the school, to the church and the State, may suddenly end. He may vanish away, but untold invisible forces and influences will still abide. The unseen, silent germs of thought, of truth, of love, of word and deed, dropped here and there, in hidden fields of mind and heart, will not die—they will germinate and grow. The seeds so freely and abundantly sown here in your hearts during these years are not lost. May your tears of sorrow over the departure of the sower be as the gentle dews or spring showers to quicken those germs and enrich their growth. God grant the growth may reach a full maturity, "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Looking thus in the upward way, I see no darkness or death in the change that has come to our departed. It is all light and life. I see no cause for gloom or despair, but of joy and hope.

And now what is the lesson of this hour for us? I seem to hear voices coming to us to-day from the higher spheres, saying, Look above and beyond these temporal things. Use them only as the incidental and needed helps to a higher life. Live more in the conscious presence of the invisible. Build upon the rock—the sure foundation of eternal verities, of truth, justice, purity and love, of personal allegiance and obedience to God, and of self-sacrificing use to your neighbor.

The service closed with the hymn, beginning—

"Gathering homeward from every land,
Gathering one by one."

Memorial Services at Emporia, Kansas.

FROM THE "EMPORIA NEWS."

On entering the Congregational church yesterday morning for services, the decorations, and large letters, "H. B. N.," hanging from the pulpit, indicated that the services were of more than ordinary nature. The choir opened the exercises by singing those lines written in memory of the late Professor Norton, by "Ruth Hadley," the lines having been set to music by D. O. Jones. After the reading of Scripture by the pastor, and the singing of several appropriate selections, Rev. F. T. Ingalls introduced the Rev. R. M. Tunnell, and, in his remarks, said that there are some men whom we love and whose influences we feel, though we have never seen them. Such men help to swell that stream of influence which will finally bear us on the great ocean of God's truth. We are here to commemorate the life of one whom the people of Emporia knew to love.

Rev. Mr. Tunnell took his text from the Psalm CII, 24th verse—"I said, oh my God, take me not away in the midst of my days." The speaker said: This psalm is a prayer, and from the text we may take two thoughts. At first it appears as a wail of grief, but from it we may to-day take a ray of hope. Our living and our dying are all in the personal will of God. God does not turn us loose to the laws of nature. We recognize that God is in death. What is a premature death? I want to show you that though Professor Norton died young—not yet fifty years old—yet he did not die prematurely. Death that overtakes a man before he determines what life is for, is a premature death. Not length of days, but manhood, determines whether death is premature or not. To have attained the end of life is to live so that one can say that it is not I that lives, but Christ that liveth in me. A multitude of you in this town remember Professor Norton. There were in him some marked resemblances to Abraham Lincoln in outward appearance, as well as a similarity of character. His appearance marked him as no common-place man. He had a great gift of common sense and could see things at once as by intuition. The study of a subject by him meant thoroughness. He had also a great power of concentration. He could put all of Norton to work at one point. His classmates at college once tested his powers. He was to commit a certain passage while the pupils were turned loosed to make the most disturbance possible. He won. Professor Norton could have discussed the philosophy of plants on the battle field at Gettysburg.

Professor Norton was a gentle man; he was a man of charity, patience, mercy. I remember how he pitied the weak, the silly, and the wicked, with a divine pity, yet he made no compromise with evil. He tolerated no sham. He was a very hopeful man, and always saw the bright side of the picture. He always looked starward. Many a rapid that would have wrecked a lighter oarsman gave him strength and inspiration. He had a great love for God. "By his solicitation," said the speaker, "I preached my first sermon in this church." Though Professor Norton moved from you, his name can now be enrolled among your honored dead.

After Mr. Tunnell had finished speaking, Joseph H. Hill, a pupil of Professor Norton's, paid a fitting tribute to his former teacher, who, he said, was the broadest and best man in his profession, a man of extraordinary ability, who could embody the thoughts of an entire page in one sentence, and with his presence inspire his pupils anew for the conflict of life. "To me," said the speaker, "the crowning beauty of Professor Norton's nature was his purity." Mr. Hill then read a few extracts from the original manuscript of Professor Norton's farewell sermon to the Emporia people, which closed with these words: "May our past plans and hopes ripen into future harvests, my dear friends, never before so dear as now. God bless you. Farewell."

Judge Kellogg, who knew Professor Norton better than any present citizen of Emporia, delivered the following beautiful eulogy upon his old and intimate friend:

The death of a good man is a calamity to the world surviving. I cannot conceive it to be a loss to the man himself. Unless all our conceptions of life in the world to come are absolutely and viciously wrong, Henry B. Norton is the gainer by reason of his removal from his beautiful mountain home at Skyland in California, to his present home in the purer air and more blissful heights of the mansions of the blessed.

Professor Norton was very happy in his Kansas and in his California life. His work, teaching, lecturing and cultivating his fruit trees and vines, was congenial—and in this work he had achieved a substantial success, gratifying to honorable ambition I am advised that his acquaintance upon the Pacific slope was well nigh universal, and his hold upon the affections of the people a repetition of the high esteem in which he was held by the people of Kansas, and especially by the people of Emporia, with whom he spent many happy and busy years. I am using the words happy and busy as being the two most expressive words to characterize the life of Mr. Norton both in Kansas and California.

That his life was happy was due largely to the intense pleasure afforded by the wonderful activities of his marvelous mind, and to the possession in so large a degree of that attribute of the human mind, denominated hope. No man was more hopeful than Norton. As I once heard Dr. Cordley remark in this house of worship, that it is a good deal to say of any man that all clouds to

him have a silver lining. With Henry B. Norton there were no clouds. The future was to him ever roseate. The sky like that of a California summer. I never before saw a man so cheery, helpful and hopeful under the blasts of adversity. The ills of the present were as nothing to the joys of the future.

His faith in the better days to come, both in this world and the world beyond the grave, was unbounded. And it gives me pleasure to state that in many ways and in a large degree Mr. Norton's bright anticipations for this world's future were realized in his California home. And that they will be more than realized in his heavenly home, none can doubt.

It was my good fortune to be intimately acquainted with Professor Norton for many years. We were associated together as students in the same university, he being my senior in the course of study by two years. I was acquainted with his highly respected father and greatly beloved mother at their quiet, comfortable farm home in the historic Stillman valley, a dozen or fourteen miles from the city of Rockford, in northern Illinois. I knew his sister Mary, for many years a teacher in Rockford Seminary, a college for young women, and now a teacher in the State Normal School of San Jose, California. I was acquainted with his wife before and since their marriage. I knew her first as one of the most brilliant and accomplished students of the Normal University of Illinois, poetess and mathematician combined—as much at home with the most intricate trigonometrical formulæ as with the lightest string of pearls from the depths or shallows of poetic fancy. I knew her later as the loving wife of this most gifted man, and the tender mother of his children, sharing with them the joys and sorrows of life as it existed here at Emporia in the early days, and upon the farthest frontier of Kansas, in Cowley county, before the United States' survey of the land, and extinction of the Indian title, and while the country there and in the territory adjoining was frequented by Indians.

Professor Norton's intellectual qualities were of the highest order. He was a naturalist, a scientist, a journalist, a clergyman, but above all he was a teacher. This was his vocation. All else was subordinate.

His life on earth was a busy one. No man, more than he, enjoyed the full fruition of an active intellectual life. The ordinary duties, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, were with him so accompanied by the deeper workings of a mind ever pondering the problems of life, that the lowest forms of manual labor became transfigured into spiritual forms and furnishing nutriment to the mind, as well as useful exercise to the body. Professor Norton's feet might be in the furrow and his hands upon the plow, but his mind was ever upon the heights. Manual labor was with him always glorified by the attendant mental visions, reaching out to the farthest confines of the known, and ever seeking to wrest its secrets from the unknown.

Professor Norton's acquaintance with nature was profound and sympathetic. All departments of natural science were alike familiar to him, and in each he

was remarkakly strong and self-reliant and accurate. He especially delighted in the occult studies of the human mind; sociology and psychology were favorite pursuits. He at one time made a careful study of Fourierism and the various forms of community life, as practiced at Oneida, New York, and elsewhere in this country. He was especially familiar with the Brook Farm experiment of the New England theorists. But his mind was too broad and comprehensive to be led off into these various impracticable schemes for bettering the conditions of human life, except for the purposes of study. And by virtue of such study he became firmly convinced of the futility of all schemes of living that did not recognize the family as the unit, and as the only sure foundation upon which to build. To him the sacredness of the marriage relation and hallowed influences emanating from the Christian home, were a vitalized conviction.

Mr. Norton was a man of liberal and expansive mind and a man of the largest charity. He saw the good and not the evil that men do. He was the least suspicious, the largest hearted, most unselfish, and most benevolent of men. Kind words and benevolent deeds accompanied his every-day life. The graces attendant upon his footsteps were Faith, Hope and Charity, but the Charity abiding in his soul over-shadowed all else. With him as in holy writ, the greatest was Charity.

Memorial Service, Santa Cruz Mountains.

SANTA CRUZ "COURIER-ITEM."

The memorial service for the late Professor H. B. Norton was held by his fellow townsmen, the people of the school districts of Highland, Burrill and Summit, Santa Clara County, on Sunday, August 2d, 1885, circumstances having prevented an earlier observance. The place chosen for the meeting was the school house of Burrill district, where the lamented Professor had held a religious service monthly for nearly five years. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, and the service throughout was, in a high degree, impressive and affecting. It evinced how deeply he was enshrined in the hearts of his friends and neighbors in his mountain home, notwithstanding his comparatively brief residence among us. Among the other exercises, a poem was read by Miss Frances Feely, one of his pupils, and resolutions were adopted by the meeting, both of which it was requested should be published in the COURIER-ITEM.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, One who has made his home among us and statedly administered the divine word to us for these past years has now been called to the other life. Therefore

Resolved, That we regard the residence of Professor Norton among us as of priceless value to this community. That he held a very high place in our esteem and affection, and that in his death we have experienced an irretrievable loss.

Resolved, That we have highly esteemed him as a friend, and as a counsellor and aid in our community affairs. That we have greatly prized the scientific lectures, with which from time to time he so kindly favored us,—and that the religious services conducted by him in this house, and the discourses, always so filled with high and inspiring truth,—we regard as of inestimable value.

Resolved, That we desire to express our deep sympathy with Mrs. Norton and family, in their great bereavement, and trust that we may ever show toward them that regard which is due, both for his sake and theirs; and pray that their grief may be tempered with joy by the knowledge that he rests from his labors, and his works follow him.

Resolved, That in his genial qualities as a man, in his love and care for his family, in his high scientific attainments, in his utter modesty, in his uncompromising warfare against the prevalent vices and evil habits of the times, in his unwearied devotion to the instruction of men and to their physical, intellectual and spiritual elevation—in these and other qualities, we regard our departed friend and brother as one of God's noblemen, furnishing an example which should be greatly helpful and inspiring to us all.

The School Memorial Service.

BY J. B. T.

The public memorials have been described. There is still another, a sweet, homelike service, in which those associated with Professor Norton in his Normal work, pupils and teachers, could give expression to their feelings more freely than was fitting in a public way.

After the long summer's rest, the school and teachers had assembled for another year's hard work. Our noblest, dearest, and our best was gone. All knew it, all felt it, yet no word was said. Our sorrow lay too deep for words. Our hearts were sore, so sore the healing balm of sympathy was not then grateful to them. No matter where we went or what our work, "the shadow of his loss moved like eclipse, darkening our world."

But time and silence did their part, and after a few weeks, when the routine of our work was fairly established, we felt the time had come when we could set apart an afternoon in which to assemble—pupils and teachers—not that with useless condolence, we might open again the flood-gates of our grief; not that we might commingle our tears in saying a word, where words are vain; but that with understanding hearts, we might attempt to read the lessons God has for us in a life like Professor Norton's. It was our aim to make this service of special significance to the pupils, and to make it profitable by calling their attention to those points in Professor Norton's life and character, of special value to them as students and prospective teachers; hence there were no invited guests, and the papers were none of them prepared for publication.

It was just such a service as Mr. Norton would have liked—in its simplicity, its unconventionality, its tender, warm, family feeling. The school afternoon with no long pre-announcement; the arrangement by the pupils themselves of his picture, his chair, and his desk; their choice of lasting evergreens and cheerful flowers instead of crape and the more sombre badges of mourning; the singing of the well-known hymn, now with new significance, —all these simple tributes must have been gratefully in sympathy with Mr. Norton's own ideas, could he have known. We smile, as we think how touched he would have been by the look, almost of wonder, on the faces of the new pupils, as they recognized in the others, his own pupils, the evident love and honor, the personal sense of loss, and the desire anew to consecrate themselves to life's best and holiest ends.

After singing the familiar hymn, "Come unto Me and I will give You Rest," Professor Randall read to us the wonderful story of Jesus at the tomb of Lazarus, and then with that uplifted feeling that comes but rarely in a lifetime, he voiced in prayer our deepest needs and aspirations. Professor Allen, father of us all he seemed that day, came next and told us of this man whom he had known so well, and made us feel how impossible it is to stand in the full presence of a noble life without ourselves becoming purer and nobler, and how, just as we give full play to our admiration and love of any character, we shall strive to possess like qualities ourselves. He gave us an insight into Mr. Norton's successful student life by pointing out the qualities that distinguished him from other men. He emphasized his unquenchable thirst for knowledge, his habit of industry, making him teachable; his sense of justice, leaning always toward mercy; his honesty; and we had before us an almost perfect type of noble Christian manhood. Our tears flowed freely as we recognized beneath it all our own great-hearted, patient, loving friend, After giving us a glimpse of the closing scenes of Mr. Norton's life, Mr. Allen's paper closed with the following poem:

Thou art gone,—yet thou art here,
For while standing by the bier
To commit thy lifeless body to the tomb,
We can hear thy well-known voice.
As it says, "My friends, rejoice,
I have reached my rest, my hope, my heavenly home."

And our stricken hearts reply,
As the falling tears we dry,
"Thou hast earned the Master's plaudit, 'Son, well done.'
We must drink the bitter cup,
And, still weeping, give thee up
To that higher, better life, thy life hath won."

And we know that in that life,
Released from toil and strife,
Thou art solving all the mysteries found here;
And that in the pure, clear ray
Of eternity's bright day,
God's great wisdom, love, and justice are made clear.

That thy strong desire to know
While sojourning here below
Is now satisfied on that celestial shore,
But to us thou canst impart
No word to cheer the heart,
For on earth thou now shalt teach us, nevermore.

But when time with us is o'er,
When we cross to yonder shore,
Dear friend, meet us, greet us, on the other side,
When we feel that thou art near
We shall know nor doubt nor fear,
Be thou there, as here, our teacher, friend, and guide.

The Senior Classes, with whom Mr. Norton had so lovingly worked, were ready with their tributes. A thoughtful and appreciative paper, prepared by Miss Margaret Graham and Miss Louise Grove, was read by Miss Grove. The paper was characterized by a spirit of Christian resignation, and expressed the feeling of the entire class in its recognition of Professor Norton's faithful work in the capacity of teacher, friend, and shepherd. Reference was made to the "Idylls of the King," which he had fondly studied with them, and it was shown how he had typified in his own life the principles of true knighthood.

"Indeed he was our own ideal knight,
Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it;
* * * * We see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
* * but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

Miss Lillian Cross then followed with an original poem dedicated to his memory and written in a tender, reverent strain.

Miss Joey Denton's tribute, though in prose, was wholly different from the first in character. She showed us particularly what a hold Professor Norton had upon the spiritual life of his pupils,—how that high spiritual development could not fail to leave its impress upon the hearts and characters of all who came under its influence.

Miss Washburn closed the service with a biographical sketch of Mr. Norton's life, dwelling upon the most characteristic incidents and bringing him before us so like his natural self that we almost held our breath lest she should cease reading and the precious reality vanish. Her closing analysis and presentation of his soul-nature made us feel more profoundly than ever before, how much we had lost, and how irreparable our loss!

The memory of this man! What a priceless legacy is ours! In tears, we left the newly-consecrated place, praying that through the fidelity of our whole natures, this life of our dear friend might become an inspiration, a vitalizing motive power, impelling us to life's highest duties, until, through the loyalty of love, we should be rid of evil and become like him, tender, and generous, and pure.

EXTRACT FROM MISS WASHBURN'S PAPER.

In this incomplete sketch I have tried to give you a glimpse of the varied experiences that helped him to become the man he was, so remarkable in himself, such a power for good, mainly to show you how he made the most of

his life. We all felt his genius; perhaps sometimes we thought it accounted for everything, without much effort on his part. His unconventionality helped lead us into this mistake,—the bubbling freshness of his utterances; the strong, homely phrasing of his original thoughts; the happy drollery, so unstudied, so irresistible; the very unconsciousness of his manner, with all its unexpected turns, half awkward, half fascinating, as, in his forgetfulness of the body, the mind was the more fully disclosed in its striking individuality. All these, the little bright characteristics that linger fondly in our memory, were so evidently natural, marking him off from other men, that we were apt to think his acquirements, also, native gifts. But the fact was, that while we recognized his genius, we felt still more strongly the power of a character that had wrestled with life, and gained from all experience. I have heard him regret that he could not have had a symmetrical university education; yet how many make as much of that advantage as he did of his scantier schooling? And how many transmute frontier life, farming, trading, newspaper editing, into such high uses as he did, to his own spirit and to those around him? He preached often the religion of effort, of work, of putting into our daily duties the highest spirit. He was but urging others to his own daily life.

One thing is due to you to say, since a longer acquaintance with him would have made you see it more clearly for yourselves. The pupils who knew him best will recognize it most fully. It is this: the strongest thing in him was his spiritual nature. Bright as was his mind, it was but the humbler companion of his soul. "Not that first which is spiritual," is true in degree as well as in time with most of us. But in Mr. Norton the spirit led. It drew his mind to investigation of spiritual truth, of moral quality. The most casual talk would bring up the subject of the soul—its nature, its growth, its relation to God, its destiny. Everything in nature suggested to him a spiritual analogy. His science classes will remember this. The laws of physics suggested to him the laws of spirit. "Conscience," he said one day, "is spiritual gravity." Chemistry was full of analogies. Zoology furnished types for all grades of souls, from the selfish, poisonous parasite, trying to live on others without work, to the insect rising from a lower life to a higher, as our souls may. So in each of the sciences; so as to the most general of scientific truths. "The survival of the fittest" he quoted more often for social than for animal life, as a law terrible in its beneficence, lifting the human race to higher levels, but warning us all how inexorable is our fate if we will live unfitly. "Development," "evolution," were to him chiefly words for God's great work in human souls, to which his yearning faith looked for himself and for the race. This world was to him the kingdom of God. The words that come oftenest to my mind when I think of him are these, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He did indeed receive the blessing of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness,—"they shall be filled." That all-embracing charity, that active helpfulness, that tender

sympathy,—these on the one hand;—that unswerving uprightness, that eager loyalty to truth, on the other hand,—these were the righteousness with which he was filled, he who so hungered and thirsted after righteousness.

In his teaching, he spoke so often, so naturally, so winningly, of this higher life, that I know many of you were quickened to new aspirations and efforts. Believe that for once you heard him speak, a thousand fold beyond went his own desire: that he cared more to teach you this than all beside. This was his truest work, in the Normal School, in the State; if you go on in this higher life to which he pointed and stimulated you; if you, in your turn, rouse your scholars to such higher living—then you are carrying forward his work.

Our dear friend was taken from us so suddenly that at first we were all overwhelmed. But now, I hope, we are more able to think of his going as he would have us think. Few persons while still here are already so at home in heaven. Few so live in the light of immortality, both in practice and in thought. To him, life, here and hereafter, was one, with the same laws of character, under the same Heavenly Father, only that the fullness, the ripe fruitage of the soul is in the great hereafter. To him this was no dim half-creed, but a vivid belief, a joyous, confident expectation, not dwarfing this world by contrast, but lifting even the smallest of our every-day acts into noble, important parts of the great whole. His thought dwelt much on the fullness of our life hereafter. It was the most common thing for him to look up smiling from his work, saying, "In heaven, it will be so and so." Sometimes this took the form of speculations as to the conditions of our future life; but, oftener far, it was rather a new vision of the essential spiritual nature, and hence, what we must be here to achieve it, to grow in this direction. The memory of his familiar friends is full of the short, expressive phrases which dropped so naturally from his lips about our immortal life, and of the longer, quiet talks which showed still more fully how truly his citizenship was in heaven.

And so, when you returned from the summer vacation, and missed his smile and hand-clasp, and felt with a pang that the school, the world, would be more empty for you hereafter, I could but think of the gathering by and by in the meeting place above, and think how he will welcome his old scholars. More natural, more homelike to you all will be that place of fuller development and nobler work, as you think of his greeting you there, perhaps of his teaching you as of old. Who shall say that he who was so essentially a teacher, shall not have the same, only larger, work to do, in lifting the souls of many nearer to his own height. From one or two of his conversational sermons that have been preserved, about that life beyond, I let him speak the last words to you, to-day, himself, as if from the heights to which he has gone.*

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*These quotations are given at the end of this volume.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Extracts from Letters.

FROM H. R. HOBART,

EDITOR OF "RAILWAY AGE," CHICAGO, ILL.

The intelligence of the death of your dear husband impressed me with deep sadness, and has been in my mind many times. Although our acquaintance was brief, my heart had at once warmed toward him and felt the influence of his rare intellect and pure and gentle soul. He seemed to me to live far above the sordid and hurrying life with which I am surrounded, and to have resources of mind and sustaining comfort of faith beyond most men. I had hoped to meet him again in the beautiful land of his adoption, and to have learned to know him better. His restless, active, brain is at rest, and his body lies on the mountain top, far above the noise and tumult of the world, and near to the "everlasting hills," from whose summit his happy spirit now looks down.

When, only five months ago, we laid my dear brother Henry to rest at the foot of the Santa Cruz mountains, it seemed to me that the grave in that beautiful spot was a place of peaceful and happy repose; and so your new grave on the mountain crest seems to me now.

Please accept assurance of deep sympathy in your great loss and sorrow, while you are in some degree consoled by remembering that the world is better for the labor and example of the good and wise and great-souled man whose departure you deplore.

FROM HON. WILLIAM F. WELCKER,

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, SACRAMENTO.

Your note just received affords me an opportunity to tender to you personally, and through you to the widow and family of your lamented brother, my deep and unaffected sympathies in your sorrows.

I can understand, I think, how the sudden loss of such a husband, father, brother, with a nature equally marked by strength and tenderness, has overwhelmed you. God help you all! It will be many a day, if ever, before the place of Professor Norton will be really filled.

FROM J. H. VINCENT, D. D., CHANCELLOR.

It was a heavy blow that fell on you when that brother died. And you love him still, for he is still your brother. He is in the other room now,—that is all,—and the air is still fragrant with the memory of his presence, and heaven is glad because he is there, and you will certainly meet him again!

Accept assurance of tender sympathy in this hour of your grief. Accept congratulations on the memory and love of such a choice spirit. In the weariness of the way before you, may you have the consolations of the Divine Spirit, as you do have the sympathy of so many ardent friends.

FROM MRS. M. H. FIELD,

SECRETARY OF THE PACIFIC BRANCH, C. L. S. C.

For two days I have had but one thought in my heart, one vision before my eyes:

"Dead he lies among his books,
The peace of God is in his looks."

The whole city, nay the whole Pacific Coast, is darkened by the shadow that falls deepest on your home. May God lighten the gloom. As yet we refuse to be comforted. If I had not so many times taken up life's weary burden and gone on with the daily work and worry when my heart was breaking, I should say, We *cannot* have our Chautauqua Assembly. Nothing can ever be the same again. But I know this is neither wisdom nor duty. We must push on, no matter who falls by the way.

O, the desolate, desolate home unto which he will come no more,

"With his olden step of vigor,
With the love-lit smile he wore."

We are all saying to each other, "How can we ever live without him! How noble he was, how holy! We have never known any one like him! We shall never see his peer." We feel almost defrauded, that we can not have his grave among us. But I know he loved Skyland best. It will seem nearer heaven than ever, now that he sleeps there—yet not *he*. I have been thinking a great deal of one of your brother's favorite poems:

"He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends."

You know it, do you not? One of Edwin Arnold's. After our children died, I use to find great comfort in two lines from Tennyson.

"Gone for a moment, my dear, from this room into the next,
I, too, shall go in a moment, what need have I to be vext?"

I know these verses I refer to are only "diluted Scripture," but sometimes the words of inspiration seem too strong for us, at least for me—and I turn to the cries of poor human souls, with a fellow feeling, that nothing else calls out.

FROM ANNA P. SILL,

PRINCIPAL OF ROCKFORD SEMINARY, ROCKFORD, ILL.

I have been absent from Rockford for some weeks. On returning yesterday afternoon, I found the papers you sent me, containing an account of the Memorial Service of your dear brother, which had not been forwarded to me, and I hasten to write to you to express my deep sympathy with you in this sad, unexpected bereavement. I have read the sermon with great interest. Where shall we find the light of this shadow—save in the fact that there

must be a greater good somewhere in the Divine economy of affairs? Is he not called to a higher work? God gives us night that He may show us worlds beyond. What would He show us in this night of sorrow?

Would that I could come to you, and sit by your side, and speak some words of comfort to you Some one has said, "It is beautiful to do up one's work and go home early." "We live in deeds not years," and how much he accomplished! The good live three lives, we know,—a finished life in earth, a life of blessedness in heaven, and a life of influence going on here below. Henceforth, may God give you light and peace and strength to bear this trial. And his dear family that I have not known, how dark the shadow falls there! Express to them my deep sympathy.

FROM MRS. C. T. MILLS,

PRINCIPAL OF MILLS SEMINARY.

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We feel overwhelmed, bereaved, as do others here with us. How glad Mr. Mills will be to greet him, I said in thought; and together, without weariness, they will join in the blessed service above. But oh, how desolate it leaves us all. Words seem so poor to express what I feel. I can only pray that the dear Lord, in his infinite love, may sustain and comfort you all, in this time of great sorrow.

Only a few days since, I received a letter from your dear brother, the last that will ever come to me from his pen. How suddenly the end must have come to him and to you! But for him it was the entrance into a blessed, a most restful life. No, *not* the *end*, rather the beginning of a more glorious life. I can only pray that Mrs. Norton may feel round about her the everlasting arms, and be enabled to say, "Thy will, not mine be done."

Miss Golding joins me in tender love and truest sympathy.

FROM MRS. SARAH B. COOPER, SAN FRANCISCO.

And so the beloved spirit has entered into rest! It was a sudden transition from toil to rest, from grace to glory. He was so pure, so true, so noble, so good. Everybody says, "How strange that one so much needed here, so invaluable to society and to the world, should be taken away so early!" At the first blush, this does seem true. But I believe he was needed among the multitude of the heavenly host, who "serve Him day and night." He has been called to larger service. And we are all workers together with God for the redemption of this world. How lonely for his dear ones around the family hearthstone! They have many who mourn with them. There is but one expression, and that is of grief at so great a loss. But there is no parting among immortal friends. It is only a separation of condition, by virtue of condition,—not of distance. They are not far away—our beloved. It is our dull senses that fail to follow them as they go.

"But ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread—
For all this boundless Universe
Is Life,—there are no dead."

I pray that the full blessedness of the life into which he has entered may so fill your soul as to bring a sense of fellowship and joy that shall bear you up, until the patience and peace of your earthly experience shall melt into the radiance of peace and paradise.

FROM PROFESSOR HORACE BRIGGS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Intelligence of the death of your brother Henry has just reached me. I scarcely know what to say, or how to reason calmly. This thought however, pressed upon me,—why? I do not understand it. We meet thousands in our associations with those whom chance throws in our pathway, whose lives are utter failures, so far as we can judge; while here is one whose whole being is absorbed in the one grand idea of benefiting the world, snatched away from us, while he is in the vigor of manhood, and most successful in his plans. Again, I say, I do not see the reason; and it takes all my faith in the ultimate triumph of truth to reconcile me to such manifestations of God's dealings with men. In your brother's case, I am compelled to ask anew, for more abiding faith and seek importunately for more light. I regretted much that I did not meet him last summer while on a visit to Illinois. But it was told me in a modest way what he was doing. Then I felt more than ever, what a precious life was exposed to overwork. What a blow is this to his dear family, to you who have been a partner in his labors for years, to his aged father, to his brothers and to Mrs. Youngs! All who knew him, and of him, must be dazed, and piteously ask who can stand in the breach and take up his work.

It would be mockery for me to attempt to offer consolation to you and to his stricken family. All I can say is, my heart bleeds, and I bow with you all to the mandate, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Tell his smitten wife, for me, that her husband's death touches tenderly all who ever knew or ever heard of him," and that we all pray for trust in the All Father, and that he may reconcile us to his mysterious ways.

FROM ROCKFORD, ILL.

Your brother's visit to Rockford, just a year ago, I realized then, and I have felt ever since, marked an epoch in my life. He produced an impression upon me quite different from anything I had ever experienced, an impression I should find it hard to define—but so personally stimulating, it has been like an inspiration, and so quickening to thought it was in itself, an educating power. I shall always be most deeply grateful to heaven for those few summer days which unlocked for me the gates to new ranges of thought and feeling,—and now all that this man meant, of help and cheer and uplift for hundreds of souls, is, ah!—not gone!

That such a man could die is a surer proof of immortality than all that theological libraries contain. Can any one who has ever been under the magical power of his influence doubt for one instant that that wonderful life is still being lived, and carrying on its great potentialities, to still further development.

To the friends of his youth in Rockford, who are so full of grief at his passing, it seems incredible that he is gone, but to one who only knew him that brief week, in the fullness of ripe maturity, it is not even strange.

Practical and business-like though he was, abreast of every reform, and full of wisdom, in every day affairs, he was yet so heavenly-minded, so other-worldly, so absolutely true to his highest convictions, so tender toward all who needed help, and so abounding in a wise and generous sympathy, that I thought him then, and think him now—and say it with hushed breath, the most Christlike man I ever saw; and why is it strange that he is gone to the Father? His spirit is only freed from the fleshly trammels which held it but lightly a year ago, and to how many, to-day, are the eternal realities more actual, since he has lived and died. The "sacrament of death," of which he preached to us, he has tasted, being found worthy.

But for you—oh! in all this loneliness, through the every day dust and heat and toil, can you yet walk on in the inspiration of his near presence, felt so strongly that it lifts you above all the common-place, and holds you steadfast there? I have no doubt of it, my friend.

I do feel that this sorrow is so holy, and so filled with exquisite memories of the past, and majestic hope for the future, that no one needs pity less than you; yet how long life must look stretching on into the years, that presence gone! If ever spiritual presence has power of helpfulness over those still in this incomplete existence, surely his would have. And to have the memory of such a friend is enough to make one, with every breath, "thank God and take courage."

We shall wait most anxiously for further word from you. Believe that in the deepest sympathy our hearts are with you in these darkened days which must "go on."

FROM DR. D. S. CLARK, ROCKFORD, ILL.

If a biography of Henry could only embody and illustrate his enthusiasms, it would be a powerful agent in arousing growing minds. The more I think of him, the more wonderful and fascinating is his character. Such a man as he is one in a million. Ever reaching for the highest; an honest and sturdy doubter, and at the same time a sincere believer! The divine revelation in Nature was apparent to him in a wonderful degree; and to lead men from nature up to nature's God was the delight and crown of his life. If he seemed subdued in his last church service, it was because he felt the burden of his message to human souls with a far reaching prophet's vision, that is given to few of those who minister in sacred things.

FROM DR. SAMUEL WILLARD,

PRINCIPAL OF WILLARD SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL.

* * * * * * * * *

His poetic temperament rarely showed itself in our conversations, which were more likely to be philosophical in tone. His love of poetry would glow in his quotations from his favorite poets, which showed his ready and retentive memory. I thought that quality in him very wonderful. Nor did he remember poetry only. He had evidently been an omnivorous reader, without suffering the intellectual or spiritual dyspepsia that often beclouds greedy gatherers; he had not borrowed; he had appropriated and digested.

In school work he cared not to be first; but his mastery of his studies, with full comprehension of them, easily made him foremost. He was one of those whose company suggested to me not a difference of age, but a difference of experience. So far as he had seen any phase of life, its lesson was spread before him. Life was in no way trivial, whether in work or in play, for it was shaped by spiritual forces, and, to his thought, all its little drama is played in God's theater. Knowing the great manager, he was ever hopeful and contented.

I am sad when I think he has gone from our world, which needs many such as he, to sweeten and save it. We are thankful for his life and the memory and influence of it.

FROM PROFESSOR E. KNOWLTON, SAN FRANCISCO.

Hurrying home from the Santa Cruz mountains this afternoon, I was surprised and shocked, as were doubtless hundreds of others, to learn of the death of Professor Norton.

Although my acquaintance with him had been but occasional and far from intimate, it had yet been quite sufficient to reveal one of the purest, ablest, and most lovable men I ever knew. Wholly possessed by a perfect passion for original investigation, rarely endowed with the faculty of independent, personal observation, and equally gifted with the love of patient experiment and the power of profound reflection, he became, instinctively and necessarily, the successful naturalist, scientist and philosopher. And the whole was crowned with a necessity of expression so urgent, and a love of communication so irresistible, that he could not avoid taking high rank among the rare teachers who are born, not made. Hard indeed, will it be to fill his place. Enviable, indeed, is the loving veneration in which so many hundreds of his pupils, his associate teachers, and professional friends, had come to hold him.

Pray give my heartiest sympathy and love to his family. Had I known of the funeral, I should have spared no pains to attend.

FROM THE COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME.

The Faculty of the College of Notre Dame extend to President Allen, and, through him, to his esteemed co-laborers, and the bereaved family of Professor Norton, sincere sympathy in the great grief that has fallen upon them, in the sudden taking away of a gentle friend, a devoted husband, father, and brother, an unflagging worker, a great and good man, whose death overclouds with sorrow the heart, not only of our city and county, out of our whole State, for the best interests of which Professor Norton so unselfishly, earnestly, and successfully labored as a valuable member of the efficient educational corps of the State Normal School.

FROM GILROY.

I cannot tell you how lonely we all are without his presence, how we miss the dear face which ever beamed upon us with sympathetic tenderness. Surely, the human veil which hid his soul life from us was at times almost

transparent. His teachings so helpful, so uplifting, can never be forgotten. The poems he read to us are treasures we love to refer to. He was a great lover of true poetry and his selections were from the breathings of the soul's inner life, which ever reaches out from this visible world to that unseen world of thought, the world of the soul.

We go to our place of worship as we have been wont to, but it is with the feelings of pilgrims who worship at the shrine of the dead. The place is full of his presence, his looks, his tones, his words, pervade our memories. We go there, for we know if he could speak, he would tell us to and that no better monument could we build to his memory than to continue to live out in our own lives the sacred teachings which there fell from his lips. Let us pray that under the blessing of our Heavenly Father, the example of his unselfish life, and his Christlike teachings, may draw us as with a spiritual magnet to that "Home of the Soul," where he will stand with out-stretched hands and the dear old smile on his face to greet us.

FROM A NORMAL SCHOOL GRADUATE.

The hush, the grief, which enshroud you command silence, but I cannot restrain the anguish with which my heart is so overburdened. Since my first knowledge of our great loss, the sad faces of my beloved teachers have been constantly before me. I have seen you again and again in every group in which I have ever seen you gathered, and that vacant chair and that absent face have brought such pain as I could not have believed possible, save for my very own. And if the loss is so great to me, then how immeasurably so to you.

Dear teachers, rest assured that the hearts of your pupils are aching with yours in this great loss of our mutual friend.

PRESS NOTICES.

Press Notices.

"Times-Mercury," June 23.

Not only the residents of this community, but those of every city, town and hamlet throughout the State of California, with which telegraphic communication is had, were inexpressibly shocked and grieved yesterday morning by the news of the death of Professor Henry Brace Norton, Vice Principal of the State Normal School, located in this city.

Always ambitious and energetic in the acquirement of knowledge in all possible directions, Professor Norton's every word and deed gave convincing evidence of his efforts' being prompted by a wish to benefit his fellows rather than himself. Tireless in his efforts, guided and controlled by sound judgment, based upon an extended experience, not only in literary pursuits, but a close and intelligent observation of men and events, the good and true man paid the forfeit of his grand but overtaxing toil in humanity's behalf. An ordained minister of the Congregational Church, he contributed frequently to the columns of the New York *Independent*, articles that found great favor in the literary world. Other prominent journals and very many of the best known magazines and periodicals of the country, east and west, were frequently recipients of his bounty, and will, in common with their readers, sadly miss in the future the facile pen, the useful information, and the kindly thoughts so eloquently expressed. Articles contributed by him to the *Science Monthly*, the *Congregationalist*, and our own *Overland Monthly*, have attracted marked attention and much favorable comment in all quarters.

Lecturing, preaching, writing and teaching, Professor Norton knew but little of idleness; indeed it is doubtful if, except during the hours of sleep, his mind was ever at rest. Even his Sundays were zealously devoted to those religious duties that early teaching and strong natural inclination prompted. He officiated as pastor at the Congregational Church at Gilroy; and to that little circle of his co-religionists the loss will seem irreparable.

In his religious, educational and political views, Professor Norton was ever liberal in his sentiments, respectful of the opinions of others, no matter how widely at variance with his own ideas they might be, exacting only honesty of purpose, and a strict regard for mental and moral improvement on the part of those with whom he came in contact. To those in the lower walks of life, his heart went out in expressions of sympathy or counsel, as the necessities might seem to require, and he was often heard to say that many of his pleasantest hours had been spent in communion with those of the laboring element, contending that for all of good he was enabled to confer upon them, he received ample return in such information as could be had from no other source.

His great attainments in the realms of thought and practice, never suggested to him a superiority over any of his fellow creatures that would justify an exhibition of contempt or wholesale condemnation. Those who

have heard him preach will bear witness, not only to the earnestness of his exhortations, but to the ever present spirit of cheerfulness, good will, and perfect charity for the shortcomings of his fellow-beings, of every class and condition in society. To some of his intimate acquaintances he seemed in many ways a counterpart of one who was his ideal of a "perfect manhood, the grandest type of God's best work, Abraham Lincoln."

With an acquaintance as extended as that enjoyed by any resident of the State, in constant and intimate relationship with the ablest and best of the men and women of the entire Coast, it can be truthfully said that Henry Brace Norton suffered from no harsh criticisms of his life and work; but universally beloved in life, will be sincerely mourned, and his memory long cherished, in the hearts of those who revere intellectual growth and moral ascendency.

San Francisco "Alta."

The death of Professor Henry B. Norton of the Normal School removes a man of brilliant mind and high attainments. No one superior to him has yet been connected with educational work in this State. To his pupils he was known as something more than a man of original ideas and eloquent speech; he was a personal friend, and commanded the love and enthusiastic admiration of students as few teachers ever do.

"Pacific School Journal."

In the death of Henry B. Norton, not the Normal School only, but the entire system of instruction on the Pacific Coast, meets with an irreparable loss.

Henry B. Norton was one of the world's silent heroes. In the occupation he had chosen as his life work, it is difficult to measure the power of the individual teacher, though the influence of the aggregate body is the building up or the tearing down of nations. Professor Norton's whole being was instinct with a magnetism so powerful and so pure, that it multiplied itself in every individual with whom he came in contact, and strengthened every noble impulse of our nature.

So wise in all the learning of the world that his colleagues, in all the departments of the Normal School, were wont to consult him when in difficulty, or leave him in charge of their work when necessity compelled them to be away, his character was as simple and pure and sweet as that of a child. He, literally, knew no guile, and in this age where so many know the fruits of the tree of knowledge, it was refreshing and purifying to be with one whose nature was so free from every stain. Such was the spirit, and, in accordance, was the life of Henry B. Norton.

It is not strange that the four hundred young people who met him daily in the Normal School, loved and respected him; that their belief in the purity of true manhood was strengthened; that principles of obedience, truth, and chastity were made dearer to them. It can easily be understood that the thousand or more teachers who met him yearly, if but for one short week, went back to their work with hearts renewed and spirits lightened, with a

higher estimate of the value of their labor, a deeper insight into its duties and responsibilities, and a firmer determination to be good, true men and women.

This is no vain, useless eulogium that we are writing; it is the way in which we were impressed by contact with Henry B. Norton, and it is how he influenced all who felt the touch of his hand, and felt the kindly smile of his countenance. Though gone from us in his prime, such a life is well rounded and well spent.

San Francisco "Pacific."

Professor Henry Brace Norton, Vice-Principal of the State Normal School in San Jose, went to his rest on the 22d day of June, from his beloved Skyland home in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Many were the hearts that were stunned by the news into bewildering grief. His gentleness and truth, his moral sense and humble faith, his clear, discerning mind, his purity of thought and guileless speech, will make him quite at home within the city "whose white portal shuts back the sound of sin."

Not only the Vice-President's chair of the State Normal School, but various spheres of toil, and many loving hearts, are left vacant by his going hence to occupy his throne beyond.

With his ample learning, broad sympathies, and untiring industry, he brought to the Normal School most valuable service. His remarkable memory drew inquirers for facts to him, and they seldom went away unanswered. His genius and originality clothed the dullest themes with a fascinating interest. His sad, kind eye concealed a brilliant wit which flashed at intervals like lightnings playing on the bosom of a cloud. His quick sympathy has lifted many disheartened students into good cheer and hopeful enterprise, and made them love him ever after.

As a lecturer, Professor Norton was widely known and widely sought. His themes were taken from the questions of the day and needs of the hour. He loved to tell men and women something that they did not know before about their own employments. In quest of a fact or principle, he would read with interest volumes of themselves the most uninteresting; for a grain of gold, would wash a pan however large. The common people heard him gladly, because of the light he threw upon their own industries.

Not satisfied with toiling through the week for men's temporal good, he entered the pulpit every Sabbath and sought their spiritual good. Not until the strong staff and beautiful rod was broken, did we know how much we leaned upon it. But Professor Norton belonged to no one class. While he was

> "Dearest to the nearest, best
> To them who knew him best,"

he was near and dear to all who knew him, and the twelve hundred mourners who appeared at the memorial services, the chastened sadness that reigned during that meeting of two hours, the many touching expressions of gratitude and love from unexpected quarters, all attest the fact that there are many from whose hearts is rising the cry, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me." But we find our comfort in his joy, promoted now to the dignities and trusts for which he has been unconsciously preparing.

CHICAGO "INTER OCEAN."

Brief notice has already been made of the death of Professor Henry B. Norton, of San Jose, California.

Those who knew him well, unite in saying "a great and good man has fallen." Professor Norton's boyhood was mostly spent in Ogle Co., Illinois, and he was a graduate of the Illinois State Normal School, in the class of 1860.

Soon after his graduation, he was elected to a professorship in this institution, which he soon resigned for a more lucrative position, and in 1865 accepted the position of Vice-Principal of the Kansas State Normal School, at Emporia. He served in this capacity until 1875, when he was called to a professorship in the California State Normal School.

Of this famous school he was a leading spirit, and the high appreciation in which he was held, is shown in the fact that he was twice elected President of the State Teachers' Association.

With all his routine of duties, he found time to accomplish some excellent literary work, and each Sabbath filled some pulpit within reach of his home.

It has never been the privilege of the writer to listen to a more eloquent and impressive discourse upon the great duties of life, than that of Professor Norton, a few months ago, at Gilroy, a quiet village some thirty miles down the valley from San Jose.

It was also a privilege to make a short journey with him, and listen to his plans and hopeful assurances of the great work being done, and to do, in a State in whose future greatness he was an enthusiastic believer. The life and labors of such a man, even in their remote, and much more in their direct results, are blessings to the race.

SAN FRANCISCO "EXAMINER."

A Tribute from One of the Alumni.

"Call him not dead; he at last has won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise.
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow—who can say—
Shakespeare may pass, and our lost friend
May catch a syllable of that three centuried wit
That keeps so sweet."

Yes, our beloved master, the apostle and exponent of the dignity of labor, who used to say to us, "The reward of work well done is not rest, but more work," has stepped aside from us for his high share of immortality, where, untrammeled by oppressive clay, he may execute some glorious mission beyond our ken, in the land where time has ceased. We mourn the cost and the loss of the life that has paled from our mortal sight, while yet it shed such luster. We know now that the myriad-faceted diamond was polished by its own dust, ever ground by unceasing toil. But the Ancient of Days knows no waste. No force of His is ever lost, and the subtle energy of thought—the essence of the true, the good, and the beautiful—set free by this exquisite mind in days gone by, will ever live, as do the imponderables that move the world. Nor will the end of breath bring cessation. The enfranchised soul, which here we thought so divine in apprehension, will find ineffable joy in assimilating to

the source of all wisdom, who is in the midst of heaven and earth. There, when we have rent the vail of the flesh, will he meet us and teach us again. Aye, even before we have put on immortality, could we set aside the world's insistent sounds, we should hear the loving voice uttering holy counsel and cheer, for,—

> Believe not that the dead are dumb,
> But that they who live are deaf.

Let us not mourn too deeply our friend's escape from this world of fret and sweat and sin. We sought not to cross his happiness in life, and he was ready and willing for the change. But six weeks ago a letter from him to the writer contained these prophetic words: "The men and women about us, as to their material structure, are crumbling and perishing phantasms. Only the spiritual is eternal; those whom we call ghosts are the only real people; not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon. I think often how blessed it will be to escape from prison, 'for in this body we groan, being burdened.' The body is so bound by gravitation, by its own laws, by human conventionalities, that I often rejoice at the final escape that comes to all. Not that I would hasten the days, for there is work to do, and there are friends and children and many blessings." This minor chord of sorrow, below the helpful, hopeful words we have often caught before. Some of us will recall the far-away look and the lingering cadence with which he used to recite the stanza from Heine.

> "From the ravage of life and its riot,
> What marvel I yearn for the quiet
> Which bides in the harbor at last;
> For the lights, with their welcoming quiver,
> That throb o'er the sanctified river
> Which girdles the harbor at last—
> The heavenly harbor at last."

Ah! friends who were not permitted to see the last on earth of the beloved clay, the scene was fitting the man whom we delight to honor. His poet's taste could have found no fault. In the glamour of the midsummer afternoon we gathered together at Skyland, under a group of spreading oaks, with birds caroling blithely among the rustling leaves. Loving friends from far and near were there. Eloquent words were spoken above the coffin-lid, by those who strove to show God's rainbow through the clouds. Thoughts too deep for speech came to some of us on that mount of transfiguration. One lesson let me try to give you from those that surged to me. I bethought me of an experience told once by a near-sighted man. He was groping his way through a field one morning, when a sharp gust of wind blew into his dim eyes and brought the moisture to them. Instantly, by some strange process of reflection and refraction, the teardrops made a lens, and for one fleeting moment he saw with piercing gaze, a revelation of landscape and sky never seen before; but when the teardrops dried he was the old, near-sighted man again.

And then remembering, as the dead Professor always taught me, that ours is a world of hint, and glimpse, and echo only, and that every earthly lesson is but a symbol of a divine truth, I said, while my heart ached with the mourners, "Does not God send us this affliction to bring us nearer to Him, that through the lens of tears we may get a clearer view of the gates and throne of the city celestial, and thus be led to set our faces more steadfastly toward the kingdom prepared for us?"

We saw our dear friend laid on the sunny knoll over which his living feet

used to walk. We thought of the monument angels see above the sacred resting-place—the monument the Savior smiles upon—carved of the blocks of many yesterdays.

Of faithful service rendered;
Duties done in charity,
Kind speech and stainless thought.

A. C. M.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolutions of Various Bodies.

BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

At a meeting of the Board held September 18, 1885, Principal Allen informed the Board, officially, of the death of the Vice-Principal, Professor Henry B. Norton, whereupon the following action was had:

Hon. James Denman moved that the Hon. Wm. T. Welcker, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the Executive Committee be constituted a special Committee, to draft resolutions expressing the sense of this Board, as to Professor Norton's work as an educator, and as a teacher in the school; and that the Secretary of the Board have permission to use said resolutions in the forthcoming memorial pamphlet.

The motion was unanimously carried.

In pursuance of the above action, the following resolutions were presented by the Special Committee.

Resolved, That by the death of Professor Henry B. Norton, the State Normal Schools have received a deep wound and sustained a great loss. His life and labors were altogether beneficial. He was an excellent teacher, and a constant, industrious, successful student. Whatever he learned by study, investigation, or observation, was freely given to the scholars and utilized to the benefit of their students.

His influence upon the common schools and the cause of educating the people, through his services at Teachers' Institutes, was great and good. His coming was welcome; his departure a matter of regret. His career as a citizen was a life pure, useful, without stain. His work and his influence were always healthy and inspiring to good: his life was a lesson!

Resolved, That as Trustees of the School where he labored well and successfully, we tender to his widow and bereaved children our sincere condolence, because we too are partakers with them in a great and melancholy loss.

WM. T. WELCKER,
T. ELLARD BEANS,
RALPH LOWE,
LAWRENCE ARCHER,
} *Special Committee.*

BY THE PUPILS OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

At a meeting of Normal School pupils, held at Normal Hall, June 22, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His inscrutable wisdom, has called from us our dearly beloved teacher, Professor Henry Brace Norton; and

WHEREAS, We have lost a teacher whom we revere, a friend whom we love, and a man whom we honor for his great wisdom, and for his noble, unselfish character; be it

Resolved, That we, the pupils who, while at the State Normal School, have been under the guidance of Professor Norton, have lost an invaluable instructor; one whose teaching was an unfailing source of delight; a Christian friend whose ever ready sympathy consoled and strengthed all, and a living example of all that is true, pure and grand in human nature; and, be it

Resolved, That our feeling is best expressed in the words of James Russell Lowell:

"No power can die that ever wrought for Truth."

"Therefore I cannot think thee wholly gone;
The better part of thee is with us still;
Thy soul its hampering clay aside hath thrown,
And only freer wrestles with the Ill."

"Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love hath wings
To soar where hence thy Hope could hardly fly.

And often, from that other world, on this
Some gleams from great souls gone before may shine,
To shed on struggling hearts a clearer bliss,
And clothe the Right with lustre more divine.

Thou art not idle: in thy higher sphere
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks."

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the grief that this call from earth has brought to his bereaved wife, children, sister, and to his co-workers in this school. That we extend to them our sincere sympathy in this their sad affliction, and that we shall miss him, mourn for him, and revere his memory through all the coming years. * * * *

H. M. LAWSON,
VIRGINIA CALHOUN,
L. ANNIE GIRDNER,
Committee on Resolutions.

BY THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT GILROY.

At a meeting of the members of the Congregational Church and Society, held in Gilroy, Cal., on Wednesday evening, June 24, 1885, the following expression was adopted in reference to the recent death of Professor H. B. Norton, pastor of this church:

Firstly, That our pastor, for over nine years, has acted as the shepherd of this flock, teaching us the holy oracles of God and His providence, as few men can teach the divine love and immortality;

Secondly, That we recognize in him the profound scholar, the brilliant lecturer, with wise and wide range of mental resources; the ideal pastor, with noble and loving nature; the love of everything beautiful and good, in genuine sympathy with every human cry; the friend of all men and the favored of God.

Thirdly, That in this sudden and strange translation, the loss to this church and community excites a universal grief, too deep for tears. There remain these breaking hearts, that God's voice only can console, in saying, "Be still and know that I am God," for "what I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Fourthly, That this little church, favored so long with his godly life, his deep human sympathies, and able ministrations, bows before God, afflicted, and this entire community join us in bewailing our speechless bereavement.

Fifthly, That we affectionately tender our sympathy to the widow and fatherless in that darkened home; and to his stricken associates, in the great educational interests of the State, we send our condolences, praying for you, as for ourselves, the divine compassion.

Sixthly, That on our next Sabbath morning we will meet in our accustomed place of worship, and devote the hour to public and fitting memorial services.

J. M. OVIATT,
D. A. DRYDEN,
GEO. E. HERSEY,
FRANK SMITH,
SAMUEL COLE,
WILLIAM WILSON,
} *Committee.*

BY THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, EMPORIA, KANSAS.

WHEREAS, We, the faculty and students of the Kansas State Normal School, have learned of the death of Professor Henry B. Norton, formerly Assistant Principal of this institution,

Resolved, That, while we sincerely mourn the death of one whose friendship was so highly valued by all of us who knew him, we will ever cherish the memory of his career as a source of pride and inspiration to our school, and an encouragement to cheerful, faithful labor;

Resolved, That, while we deplore the loss which normal school work in particular and the cause of education in general suffers in the death of a teacher whose professional training, wide experience, and noble Christian character made his life so valuable, we recognize that he has but gone to learn more fully the lessons of the Great Teacher in the school of eternity;

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his family in the irreparable loss which takes from them a kind husband and father, their chief earthly guide and support.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on our records and a copy of them be sent to the family of our departed friend.

BY THE STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

At the annual meeting of the Association, held in December, 1884, Professor Norton was elected President for the ensuing year. He had entered heartily upon the discharge of his duties, having met several times with the Executive Committee.

At the next meeting succeeding his death, the Committee, at the request of the Vice-Presidents, unanimously appointed Professor Allen to act as

President at the coming annual session. This was done because it was thought essential to have a President in San Jose, the place of meeting.

It was thought that the formal action of the Association, in connection with the death of its President, should appear in the memorial volume to be issued, and to secure this end, President Allen, by and with the consent of the Executive Committee, appointed a special committee to draft suitable resolutions, and was also permitted to use these resolutions in the forthcoming volume.

The committee appointed submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the death of Professor Henry B. Norton, late President elect of this Association, the teachers of California mourn the loss, not only of a gifted leader, but of a most valued associate and a tenderly loved friend. They recognize the fact that he possessed in an eminent degree those rare mental qualities of insight and illustration whereby abstruse principles are made simple, and prosaic, and oft-repeated themes are invested with a new and delightful interest—that his enthusiasm was not an ephemeral sentiment, but an invigorating and healthful power, because based upon a lofty conception of truth—that the influence which, by precept and example, he exerted over his pupils, lifted them into a clear, moral atmosphere, where the true value of knowledge is seen to reach far beyond this present life—even unto that which is to come.

Resolved, That his unusual combination of talents made him a power for good in the community and in the State. Not only by his industry and patience in the class-room, but by his eloquence on the platform, and by his earnestness and fervor in the pulpit for his Master's cause, he incited all who came within his influence to seek nobler ideals.

Resolved, That while we so deeply mourn his loss, we rejoice that it is our privilege to learn from his labors, to study his character, and to emulate his example.

J. B. McCHESNEY,
C. B. BRADLEY,
MYRON YAGER,
MELVILLE DOZIER,
MISS FIDELIA JEWETT,
} *Committee.*

Extracts from Professor Norton's Sermons.

Professor Norton's sermons were usually preached from brief notes and but few can now be reproduced.

The following extracts are given as appropriate to this volume, the first having reference to the death of his mother, and the latter ~~taken on~~ the theme upon of his last sermon, preached in the mountains.

FROM A SERMON PREACHED AT GILROY, CAL., IN 1877.

The boy who has wandered so far away from the old home and mother, would be glad to speak fitly of her worth, and to lay upon her grave the tribute of deserved honor.

There were the infant years in the village home of the far east, the years of pioneering in the wildwoods of Wisconsin, and then came other years gradually brightening; the slow building up of a home on the prairies of Illinois, and the cares and labors that seemed to increase as the means of life multiplied.

Our mother carried her burdens with the fortitude and cheerfulness of the true woman, just as other home saints all about us are carrying it; yet she kept strongly burning the flame of the religious life; and never lost her interest in literature and science, in public affairs, in the world's progress; while she strove ever to plant in the minds of her children seeds of honor, industry, love and faith.

She has gone to her reward, having laid up much treasure in heaven, and her labors have not been forgotten, or been wrought in vain, even on earth.

Thank God that household cares can no longer fetter her pure spirit; that she can more perfectly than in the old childish days, amid the solemn northwestern forests, care for the still childish and erring flock. Thank God that space has no more terrors for her, although

> "The mother at home said, hark!
> For his voice I listen and yearn;
> It is growing late and dark,
> And my boys do not return,"

the mother in heaven looks down upon this earthly life with no such sense of hopeless separation.

I remember many winter journeys to the city which was our nearest town, that the return was often through hours of cold and darkness. But that return over the bleak monotony of the snow-covered prairie was always cheered and shortened for husband and sons by the thought of the welcome that waited us from the mother at home, the warmth of the fire, the cheerfulness of the home light, the sweetness of the frugal feast. And so after the work is done here below, after the earthly journey is over, (even though the closing may be dark, chill, and starless,) I believe that a light, kindled by a mother's

hand, will shine across the waste; that there will be an open door in a fairer homestead than the little cottage on the prairies; that there will be a warmer welcome than of old, and a richer feast prepared by the hands of a mother no longer burdened with earthly cares or sickness, but strong in the angelic life, beautiful in its glory, rich with its gifts.

And as in the still earlier years our infant feet were by her hand taught to walk, and our infant tongues trained to speak the language of earth, so I believe that, one by one, the wandering children will be taken home to the mother-heart, as babes new born into the eternal life; and that the feet will be taught to walk the streets of heaven, and the tongue to speak its language. If ever we have forgotten those early counsels and prayers, I trust that the new relation to the new life that has begun on high will be a power potent to guide and save, that every road we may walk henceforth will but lead us homeward.

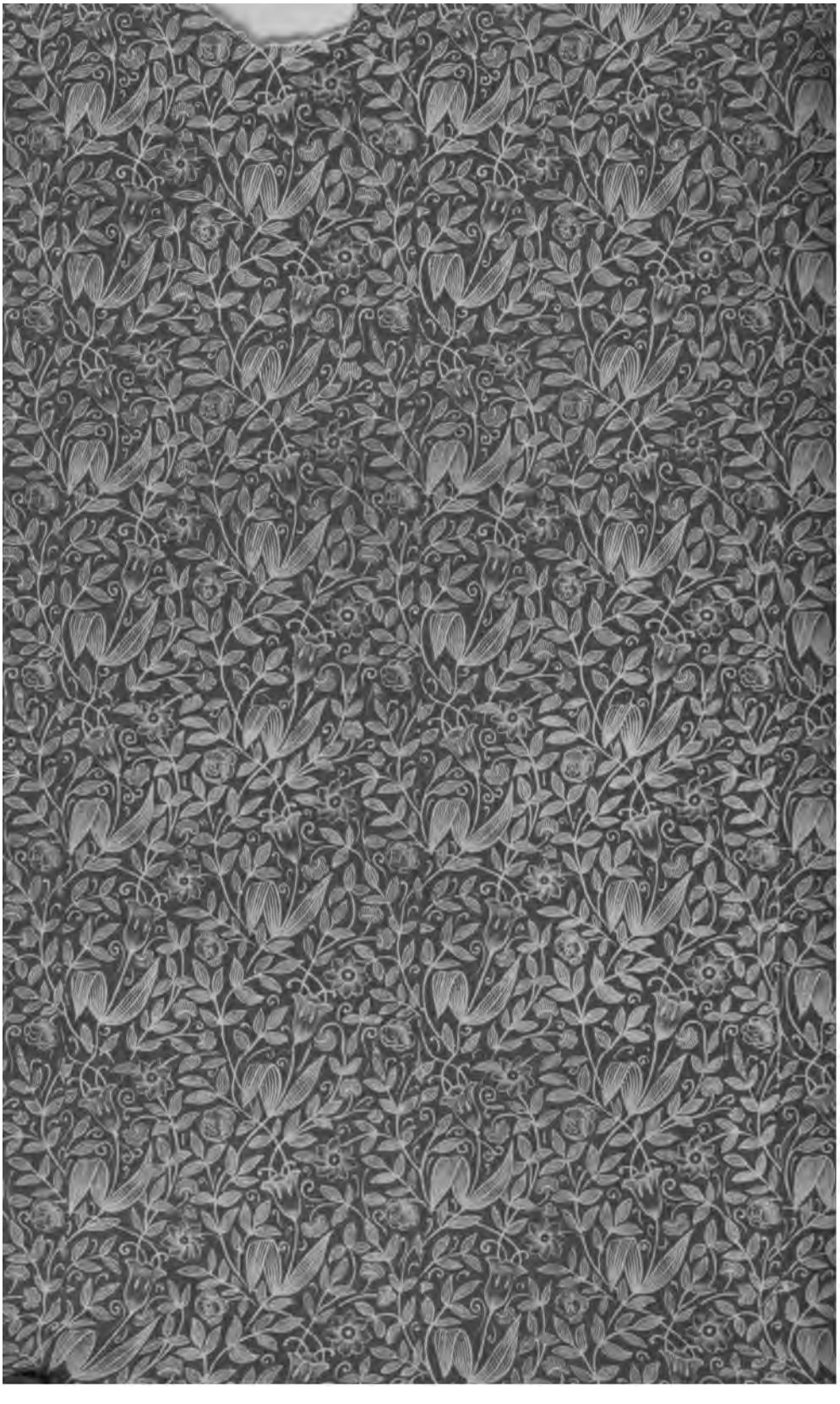
FROM A SERMON UPON IMMORTALITY.

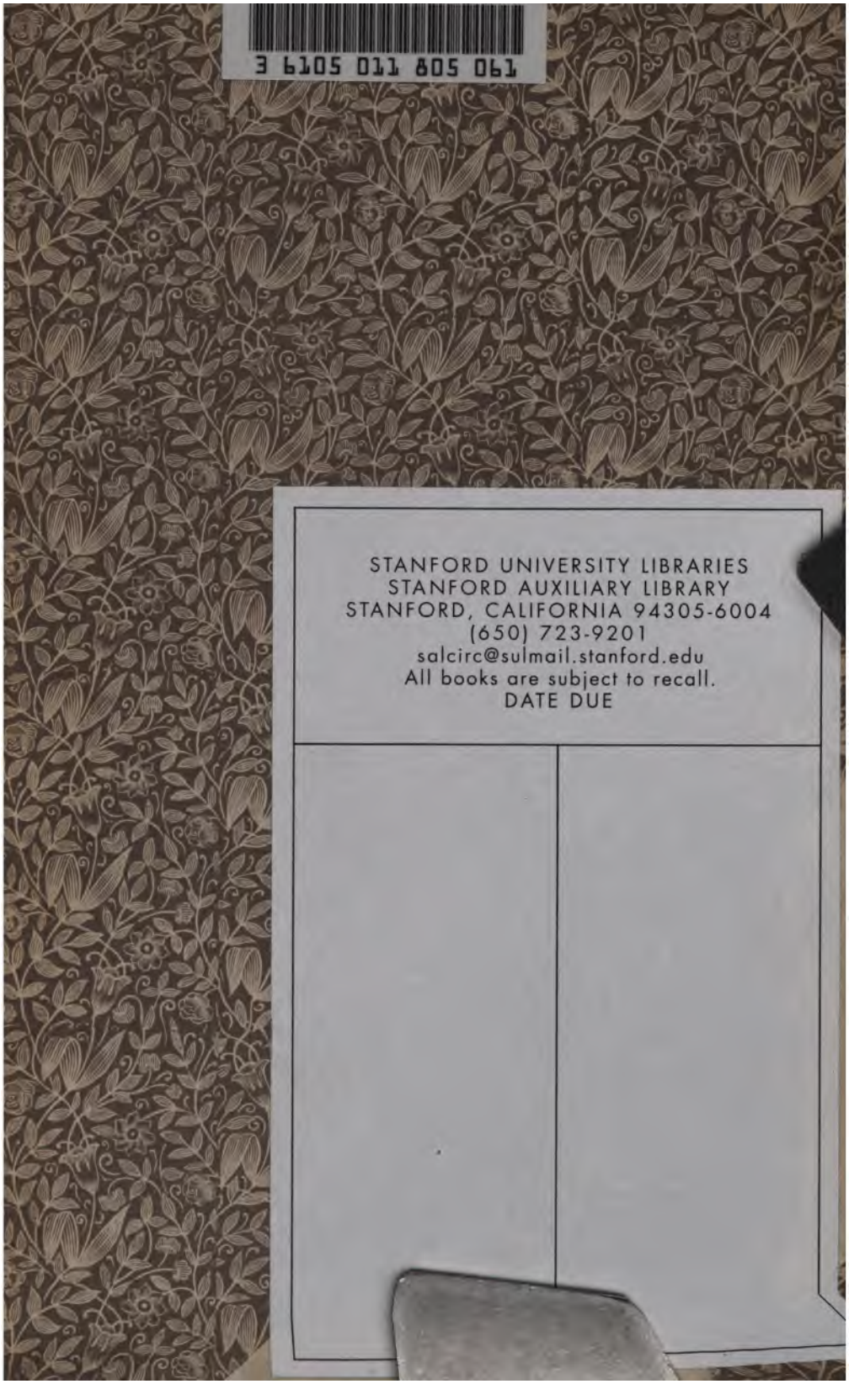
This life is but the embryotic and rudimentary state of being. The real life is yet to come. Do we bear into the ultimate life the impress of the actions of this? Who can doubt it? Think of the man who has lived only through his senses, who has led a base and brutish life. His aim in life was to enjoy the delights of the body; and that body is no longer his to use and enjoy. Such a one would be pining, wretched, dwelling in darkness. Think what clouds of spiritual gloom must enfold those realms where the base and vile herd together! And on the other hand, what glories and splendors must bathe the heaven in which the triumphant church of Christ is rejoicing!

Is there progress in the disembodied life? In the present life we find a power of growth, that pertains to every soul. Arithmetical progression and compound interest belong to justice, love and wisdom, as truly as to dollars and cents. It seems to me that we shall find in the ultimate life, scope for the highest and grandest activities of our being. In heaven are higher science, a nobler art, a broader philanthropy, purer love, loftier wisdom, than we can ever imagine here.

Death is not an occurrence to be feared, in itself. It is the sublimest event of life to him who has faith in the words of the gospel. It is terrible only to him who has no hope in God and immortality, and no spiritual life. I dislike to hear people talk about preparation for death:—as if that were essentially something different from preparation for life:—as if those thoughts and conditions which pertain to the highest enjoyment and perfection of the present life were not also the best preparation for death. Take care of thy life, and death will take care of itself.

My brethren, we are heirs of immortality, but a little lower than the angels. God has endowed us with sublime and wonderful possibilities. We have powers whereby we may scale the heavens. Surely if we feel the sacredness, the vastness, the unspeakable grandeur of the birthright which God has bestowed upon us, we shall strive to put under our feet the sordid follies with which our life is so debased. We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. There are abysses of shame below us, and heights of celestial glory above. We ought to look upward and not downward; we ought to go forward with a calm joy, a peace that passeth understanding. The curtains will soon be drawn aside, the mighty mysteries will be solved; death will answer the question of life.

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